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TO A FRIEND, WITH VIOLETS.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

I gathered them on bank and brae,
  Steeped in the dewy hush of morn,
  When the first tender blush was born
That set the rosy seal of Day

Upon the shadowy brows of Night,
  And drew with shining hands the vail
  About her, lying mute and pale
At the half-open gates of light.

These nurslings of the suns and showers—
  The children of the early spring—
  Ere hill-sides blush and woodlands ring,
And happy hedge-rows laugh in flowers—

Like angel-visitants they come,
  Bathed in the blue of sun-lit skies,
  Breathing the balms of paradise,
To glad the golden heart of home!

When silver banners of the mist
  About the morning hills are bright,
  And the dim, trailing robes of Night
Are fringed with fiery amethyst—

Or sun-set flags of crimson fire
  Above the twilight world are hung,
  And wild brooks pour with silver tongue
The story of their soft desire

Into the jewelled car of Night—
  And at the evening's radiant bars
  Swing the white blossoms of the stars,
And spill their glorious dew of light;

Or when the slender crescent moon
  Drops, like a broken ring of gold,
  From Twilight's hand, and lieth cold
Amid the rosy mists of June—

Or, hanging like a silver shield
  Above the sinking harvest-star,
  Shines in the purple void afar
O'er many a league of fruitful field—

The memory of these simple flowers
  Shall linger silently with me,
  Sweet types, my unseen friend, of thee,
And prophets of the golden hours!

I know that thou art bright as they!
  Their radiant semblances may shine
  From out those tender eyes of thine,
And crown my life some happy day!

True eyes, that I may never see!
  Pure wells of heaven's eternal blue,
  Or dark with summer and with dew,
And dear as summer suns to me!

NORWOOD;
OR
VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A NEW LIFE.

Frank Esel returned from his summer wanderings, reveries, and conversations with a divided heart. Never had he loved his mother more, nor hungered more for home. Yet there was a shadow on his brightness. He evidently had much to think of. He was more industrious. Never before had he applied himself with so serious a purpose to his art. His young friends noticed the change.

"Frank, what's come over you?" said his gay, long-haired, much-smoking friend, Lewis Keswick. "You have taken to drudging ever since you came back. You don't seem like yourself."

"But I think I am only just coming to myself."

"How's that? Not going to be religious, eh? None of that sort of thing?"

"Not exactly. In fact, I hardly know what ails me. But it seems as though I had been trifling all my life, and using my art to do it with. Hitherto I have been painting playthings, in a life frolic. Now I only know that I am dissatisfied, without knowing how to amend."

"Thunder! What's got into you? I should think you had run afoul of a minister, or stumbled into a church-door!"

"I might do worse!"

"Why, you're going to preach, I'll bet! Come, out with it! I'll join your church—I'll turn deacon when you become parson! You and I together ought to run the machine!"

"No such good news, Lew. My reformation does not reach outside of my art. But, to tell the truth, I don't see what the —— you and I are painters for?"

"For? What does anybody paint for? Because it's an agreeable way of getting a living. It's genteel; light work in winter, pleasant strolls in summer, reasonable pay, good company—why, it's the jolliest kind of a life!"

"That's about it; and I turn away from it. It seems to me that one cannot live an earnest life in such a way. At any rate, I've got to find out how to do something more, or quit."

Frank's mother perceived the difference in her son's moods. The change to seriousness was great. He began to read Ruskin's works with avidity.

The scales were falling from Frank's eyes. Little by little the great aims of life were rising before him, and asserted their full power upon him. Then, his art fell down into its true place, and became a mere instrument; no longer was it an end.

He began to experience an earnest desire to be an actor, through his art, in the movements of society.

"Shall all the struggles of men go on and I have no part in them? Shall men emerge painfully, before my eyes, from rudeness, and I, ordained a priest of beauty, reach forth no hand to help?"

Frank Esel looked back upon his joyous dalliance with art in former days with repugnance. His old portfolios he brought out to burn. Many of his sketches he did destroy. But, while in the act, it occurred to him that an occasional sight of the things which he once thought very clever might be a good discipline and measure his progress. All those which in the days of his blindness he had thought very fine, he laid back into portfolios and burned the rest.

His mother did not think it prudent to question her son. From his summer's letters she knew that he had been greatly delighted with Rose Wentworth. Whatever solicitude or curiosity she may have felt to know the real state of his heart, she did not deem it proper to be inquisitive.

If indeed Frank could have formed a connection with Dr. Wentworth's family, she would have esteemed her son, and herself, most fortunate. That something had greatly influenced her son, was too plain to be missed even by the dimmest eye. But what it was she could not divine. On the one hand, there was a sobriety tinged with sadness—the rising within him of new forces,—a persistence and industry in which, hitherto, he had been signally deficient, but which now became a marked feature of his life. She hardly knew her own son. His tenderness for her was if anything greater than before. Now and then his old boisterousness of glee would break out again, and he would frolic with her in a whirl of gayety almost delirious. But such seasons grew rare. He seemed more and more like one full of some inward and controlling purpose, toward which he was turning all the forces of his life.

On the other hand, he spoke of Rose with the utmost frankness. Scarcely a day passed that some word of hers was not repeated. This did not seem compatible with the shyness of beginning love.

One day his mother ventured to say:

"Frank, it seems to me that Rose Wentworth is your model, and the very arbiter of your opinions. She must be a remarkable young woman."

With no disturbance of manner Frank replied ingenuously:

"I do not think that I owe so much to what Miss Rose said as to what she *was* herself."

"You mean that she drew you to her by the charms of her person more than by her conversation?"

"No, not that. I was thinking of the influence which I have derived from that family, in my own art. What Dr. Wentworth and his family said was certainly more instructive to me than anything I had ever heard until then. It was he that urged me to study Ruskin. We were sitting on the door-step one evening, and Miss Rose was questioning her father about some statement of Ruskin's that seemed extravagant. He replied:

"'It is extravagant, my dear. Ruskin is full of wildness, and tangles himself up with himself like a vine twisting on itself. You read Ruskin just as you explore a region, finding many treasures and much that you avoid. He has his brier thickets, his contorted trees, his muddy morasses. But, taken as a whole, the landscape is rich and grand. Ruskin is like a forest, on whose edges and in whose depths are many noxious plants—but these bear no proportion to the magnitude of the woods, the grandeur of the trees, and the sublimity, in winter and summer, of the music which the wind draws from their boughs and tops.'

"Then, turning to me, he said:

"'Have you studied Ruskin?'

"I replied—'I have read portions—extracts—from his works.'

"After a pause, he said in a very gentle way, in an undertone, but earnestly—'My young friend, Ruskin is not to be read in extracts—nor simply read either. You ought to take him as an infection. He should throw you into a fever. The whole system should be pervaded by it. He is like those diseases which renovate the system. Do not try to check it. Let it run its full period. Afterward you will recover well; you will throw off much. You will retain, perhaps, little. But, your whole constitution will be changed. You will observe differently, think differently, reason differently, all the rest of your life.'

"'But, father,' said Rose, 'is it not a pity that one so good should not be better.'

"'Certainly it is. What then? We are glad to gather thirty bushels of wheat from an acre of ground, but there were two tons of straw and chaff required to grow the wheat. Would you have a man all grain? Yet, worshipping is natural; and our first drift, when one affects us well, is to begin shaping him in our thoughts to an ideal perfectness. Then comes the shock of disclosure. Everybody is imperfect; and strong natures, strong enough to overturn old errors, and fight great battles, are likely to be too strong to walk safely in harness and drag our phaetons and chaises!'

Frank had been led along by his reminiscences, till he forgot the point he had started for. After a moment's silence he started up.

"Oh, mother, I forgot to say the only thing I meant to—That which I most felt in the Wentworths, was the intimate relationship and personal sympathy which existed between them and nature. Her father has brought Miss Rose up to feel that all of nature is, literally, but a way which God has of making known to us his feelings, tastes and thoughts. It was so from her infancy, that sounds, colors, forms, phenomena, did not stand for mere science, but suggested a living presence. It was unconscious. Others *went* to nature. She dwelt in it always. I had never before met with such deep insight, such a pure love, such reverent admiration, such fulness and richness of knowledge, in a young person, too, most accomplished and attractive."

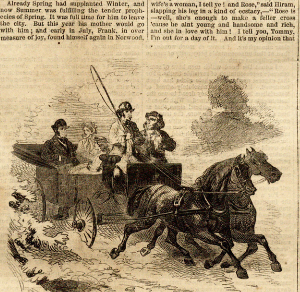
"I should have thought, Frank, that such charms would have been irresistible."

His only reply was:

"Too unequal—too unequal."

The winter rolled away speedily. Frank Esel was never so little pleased with the result of his work. He had never labored so hard. But men beginning new courses are like plowed meadows. The roughness and waste are indispensable precursors of the new sward. Frank never had advanced so far, and yet never seemed to himself to have moved so little. But, as this was his appointed life-work, he came out of repeated discouragements with renewed courage, and kept bravely on.

Already Spring had supplanted Winter, and now Summer was fulfilling the tender prophecies of Spring. It was full time for him to leave the city. But this year his mother would go with him; and early in July, Frank, in over measure of joy, found himself again in Norwood, and among friends that he had learned to regard as his benefactors.



["IT'S MY OPINION THAT SOLOMON, IN ALL HIS GLORY, NEVER WENT OVER TO COMMENCEMENT RIGGED OUT LIKE THIS."]

CHAPTER XXIX.

LEAVING COLLEGE.

Barton's four years were ended. The senior vacation had come and passed. He had won the first honors of his class, and there was not a member of the class—not even the two who had most nearly been his rivals—that did not heartily accord to him the first rank. He was not simply first as a student, but as a good fellow. None led him in athletic exercises. In a certain degree he was accessible, familiar, and most gay and social; yet it was with a reserve that showed that he did not carry all his nature on his sleeve.

He was one of the men whom close study had not invalidated. He was, if possible, more vigorous and elastic than when he entered college. When he returned to take the honors of his class at commencement, it was agreed by every young lady of taste that a finer form and nobler face had never been seen in those streets.

His townsmen were rightly proud of Barton's distinction. His father was universally respected. Barton himself was popular. His intimate friends were among the most influential citizens. All Norwood looked forward this year to the commencement day, and it seemed as if the town itself was about to go over to Amherst on the occasion.

Tommy Taft, too, was to go! This was Dr. Wentworth's arrangement. Nor had he ever done a kinder thing. To go to Amherst and see his boy, Barton, receive the first honors, was a glimpse of paradise! What these honors were to be he had not the slightest idea. He was in much uncertainty as to the nature of a college. Was it a sort of factory? The distant buildings, which he had often looked at through his spy-glass,—a relic of his sea-faring life,—might easily be mistaken for mills. Did they drill boys there, as on shipboard? or what on earth did they do? When Barton explained their studies and recitations, Tommy looked wise and nodded his head knowingly, but it is doubtful if he had any very luminous ideas on the subject.

The commencement day proper was on Wednesday, but there were services on Tuesday which Dr. Wentworth wished to hear, and duties which, as a Trustee, he had to perform, which required him to go over on Tuesday. Tommy Taft was to come over on Wednesday in an early conveyance arranged for this occasion.

The morning came. Rose and her mother were ready. The Doctor would let his own horses rest, and Hiram Beers was to come with a stylish team and open carriage.

He came promptly upon appointment. The boys cheered him as he left the stable. His deep chestnut-colored Morgan horses—matched to a hair,—and, what is more rare, matched in gait and spirit,—came out of the yard on tip-toe. They did not rear, nor run sideways, nor kick.

"That would do under saddle," said Hiram; "but when the harness is put on, sech things is immoralities in horses. Why, them nags is well brought up. They are jest like good boys goin' to meetin' on Sabbath-day; they don't play, though they may giggle a little."

Down the street went Hiram, looking neither to the right or left, though every soul, right and left, was looking at him. Do you suppose he didn't feel it?

"Wal," said Tommy to him, as Hiram was loosening one strap, drawing another a hole tighter, dressing a lock of hair under the head-piece to tassel below the eyes, and tucking up his pets generally—"wal, Hiram, you've done it this time."

"Of course I have, Tommy. Why not?"

"You've got a pretty pair of gals there,—a pretty pair as ever I laid eyes on. A fellow might be proud of bein' captain in such a consarn."

"Wal, suppose I am proud, Tommy. What may a fellow be proud of, if he mayn't be proud when he's got sech a team as that afore him, and sech folks behind him as I'm goin' to drive? I tell you Wentworth's a whole team, and his wife's a woman, I tell ye! and Rose," said Hiram, slapping his leg in a kind of ecstacy,—"Rose is—well, she's enough to make a feller cross 'cause he aint young and handsome and rich, and she in love with him! I tell you, Tommy, I'm out for a day of it. And it's my opinion that Solomon, in all his glory, never went over to commencement rigged out like this."

The conversation was cut short by the arrival of the Cathcarts. Dr. Buell and Judge Bacon were to go over, and Mr. Brett, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, and several families besides. This year all Norwood felt complimented that one of its boys was to carry off the honors.

Hiram took the lead. Not a smile was on his face. His small eyes flashed out from under his projecting eyebrows with uncommon brightness, and his good spirits showed themselves in endless speeches to his horses; in salutations to everybody that he met, whether he knew them or not; in a neat touch of his whip on a dog that ran out to salute the company; in twirling the lash round the neck of a goose that stood pensively looking at the road full of people, and dragging her several yards, saying:

"Come along; don't squawk; lots of your sort been to college afore you."

They soon came to the bridge across the Connecticut. Hiram must have a word with the woman who took toll. She was some sixty years old, of sandy complexion, with a thin and hard face; her large spectacles, mounted on the top of her head, looked, as Hiram said, "like the dormer windows in the roof of the Doctor's house."

"Miss Palfry, have you seen a man come across here this mornin'—a rather big man—a little cast in one eye—looks as though he was winkin' at you all the time—red hair, wears it long—and has a red handkerchief round his neck? Rides on a grey horse—well, something of the size of Cathcart's, yonder?"

"A man with red hair and handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"On a gray horse?"

"Yes—with a long tail.

"Let me see—Polly!—here, Polly!—have you seen a man this mornin' comin' across, with red hair?" Hiram struck in,—"With red hair, and white-tail horse?"

"About what time?"

"How do I know? That's what I want to find out. He had a porkmanty behind him and a green umbrella."

"Wal, I guess he han't come along yet. Shall I tell him anything if he comes?"

"Yes; tell him that I think he had better stop, when he gits where he wants to go to."

And with that he gave a sharp cluck or sort of throat-whistle, which every horse understands, and in a moment disappeared in the covered bridge. The woman looked after him with the slightest possible look of humorous vexation.

"Go 'long, you old fool! I don't believe he's expectin' *any* body. Well, I shall learn one of these days not to believe a word Hiram says. Might a'known he was quizzin'—shouldn't wonder if he died laughin', and cracked jokes at his own funeral!"

"Hiram," said Dr. Wentworth, "who is this man you inquired for?"

"Well, sir, when I find out, I'll let you know. A long bridge to walk over, Doctor?"

"Do people always mind the law, and keep upon a walk?"

"That depends. When the boys are on a spree, and have had a little suthin', I allus raises a trot about here: they thinks the bridge too long. But when a feller's along with his gal, he allus thinks the bridge too short; and he's particular about keepin' the law. Only last week I was about here, and I heerd a sort of smack behind me, and the horses thought I was chirrupin' for 'em to go on, and started off. But I cooled 'em down and began to whistle like, so that you couldn't hear any little sound. The fact is, Doctor, young folks will be young folks, and I never was one of them as wanted to larf at 'em. Let 'em have their time. I think it rather beautiful like to see young folks take to each other. The Lord knows they'll have trouble enough afore they get through livin' with each other, and it would be a shame to spile the beginnin', when it's all sweet and pretty like."

"No," said Hiram, virtuously straightening up; "when Zeke Lash driv over one day, and interrupted some little cooin' and billin' that he had no business with, and I heard him tellin' of it in the stable—'You're a darned fool,' sez I, 'and if it had been any of my folks, I'd made you taste the horsewhip, every inch of it, from the tip of the lash to the but end. I'd as soon throw stones at the birds whirlin' and kissin' in the air. When they are old, and we're used to 'em, I don't object to throw a stone or two at a robin. But any feller that would do it when they fust come, he's a mean cuss!"

But other business soon diverted Hiram's attention. After leaving the bridge, and while he was driving at an easy trot, there came up behind him a span of horses, driven by Zeke Lash, who held out in Norwood that no man could equal *him* in the management of horses. Watching his chance, he dashed by Hiram. Without turning his head, just as he slid past him, Zeke looked at Hiram out of the corner of his eye, with a glance which pierced him, as if it had been a sting.

Hiram changed his tobacco from the left to the right side of his mouth and chewed it with uncommon energy. But, in no other way did he show that he felt himself ill used.

"Who is that, Hiram, that drives such a fine team?" said Dr. Wentworth.

"It's Zeke Lash. He and Overman have set up a new stable."

"What sort of a fellow is he? I've seen him about the streets a good deal lately."

"Wal, he's cute. There's nobody else that can touch him with a ten-foot pole in pickin' out horses. As for tendin' and drivin', he's a perfect revelation—a new dispensation, miracles and all. At any rate, that's his own opinion about it."

"And do you think so too, Hiram?"

"I have my own opinion. He's cunnin' enough, that's sartain. You never know what he'll do. He's like my old Tiger. He'll be good-natured for weeks, and some day, when you aint thinkin' on't, he'll give you a lift with his heel and land you t'other side of the barn. But it's not my way to talk about him. Mebbe he'll keep ahead of me all the way to Amherst. He's got a light wagon, and only two in it, and I'm drivin' five. Never mind."

As they drew near to the village the road inclined upward. Hiram had kept well up behind, and forced Zeke to trot up hill steadily. Just as they came to the street, where a wider track gave him opportunity, Hiram gave a low hiss, which acted on his horses like fire on powder. Hitherto their trot had been gay, nimble and graceful, with short and springy steps. At Hiram's signal they instantly let out a long reaching pace, crouching down nearer the ground; and swinging with a freer action, they caught's Zeke's team, that now had gone into a thundering pace, held it for a moment, just to make sure that it was doing all it could, and that all was fair, and then with a splendid rush they swept away from them and rolled back the clouds of dust in their faces.

The whole thing was so sudden that Dr. Wentworth had no time to protest against coming into town at such a rate. Rose, excited with the race, was even more delighted with the humor of the whole thing—with Hiram's characteristic shrewdness and at her father's ludicrous position. The boys cheered, and not a few judges of horses nodded as they went past, as much as to say:

"That'll do, Hiram!" "I guess that *will* do," said Hiram to his nags. "We'll save up the rest till next time. Whoa! come down, beauties,—come, come, children—don't be agitated," said Hiram, in his blandest tones; "remember where you are, boys! Whoa! that's enough! nicely done, ponies!"

"I tell you," said Hiram, turning slightly toward the doctor, "these horses are jest as near human as is good for 'em. A good horse has sense jest as much as a man has; and he's proud too, and he loves to be praised, and he knows when you treat him with respect. A good horse has the best pints of a man, without his failin's."

"What do you think becomes of horses, Hiram, when they die?" said Rose.

"Wal, Miss Rose, it's my opinion that there's use for horses hereafter, and that you'll find there's a horse-heaven. There's Scripture for that, too."

"Ah!" said Rose, a little surprised at these confident assertions. "What Scripture do you mean?"

"Why in the book of Revelations! Don't it give an account of a white horse, and a red horse, and black horses, and gray horses? I've allers s'posed that when it said Death rode on a pale horse, it must have been gray, 'cause it had mentioned white once already. In the ninth chapter, too, it says there was an army of two hundred thousand horsemen. Now I should like to know where they got so many horses in heaven, if none of 'em that die off here go there? It's my opinion that a good horse 's a darned sight likelier to go to heaven than a bad man!"

With this Hiram rounded up with a driver's flourish before the house at which the doctor and his party had taken rooms.

Already the town was astir with excitement. Commencement-week is the one week of the year that every family, from the highest to the lowest, feels alike. Commencement-day is the rival of Thanksgiving-day. New England has always been economical of holidays. Christmas she threw away with indignant emphasis, as stained and spattered with Papal superstition. The only two festivals were Thanksgiving-day and Fast-day—the last to put in the seed with, and the former to celebrate the year's harvest. New England never made provision for amusements.

Amusements have for ages, in Europe, been the bribes which governments threw to the people for their political rights. Fiddles were cheaper than ballot-boxes. Kings, formerly, would pay liberally to amuse, but nothing to instruct. The old Puritan, regarding games and amusements as poisonous flowers, whose odor bewitched the senses and stupefied manhood, abhorred them. It was not a hatred of pleasure, but of the seductive purposes to which it had been cunningly put.

It was the practical philosophy of New England that a free and intelligent people, thrifty in business, managing their own matters, and zealously occupied in building up the commonwealth, had excitement enough and variety of interest enough in their normal affairs, and that earnest men did not need, like children, to be fed on frolic and amusement. This view was carried to an extreme. But it was a re-action from a use of amusements which were degrading to manhood and inconsistent with the freedom of the commonwealth.

On the next morning Rose was called early, for her father wished to see the sun-rise from the college chapel-tower. Many men graduate from Amherst without knowing that they leave behind them unseen one of the fairest sights that will ever bless their eyes—a sun-rise from the chapel tower.

It was yet a half hour before the sun would come over the Pelham hills; but the east was all aglow. Scuds and scarfs of cloud seemed shot up from below the horizon as if from a crater of colors. Long beams of light rayed out, fan-form, as if there had been a fibrous structure to the light.

They had scarcely turned to look upon this flaming East before they were joined by Barton Cathcart, who had in some unaccountable manner learned of Rose's intention to see the sun rise upon the valley of the Connecticut.

They had hardly exchanged greetings when the sun shot its light along the notched ridges of the hills on the south, of which Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom are the westward summits.

At the same instant it glowed along the west, and upon Sugar-loaf at the north. In a moment more the valley, in its length and breadth, was full of light. A slender film of white hovered along the line of the Connecticut river. Beyond it, shining out and glittering, the white-housed villages looked out from among the trees on the far hill sides.

"This is a scene less admirable but more lovely," said Dr. Wentworth, "than many which men travel far to see."

"Father, you have seen the sun rise on the Rigi and upon other Swiss mountains?"

"Yes. It is a sight of unequalled grandeur; but from high mountains the landscape is generalized by its distance from the eye. It excites the imagination more than the feelings. It inspires a kind of separateness and lonesomeness, which seem to be constituent elements of the sentiment of grandeur.

"But if one would feel nearness and affection—perhaps lower but more pleasurable emotions—he must be near the objects seen. A hill for prospect should be so placed as to get a wide view without great elevation."

"Barton," said Rose, "is this a favorite resort of the students?"

"I suspect not," said Barton, smiling as if the idea were even comical. "I have been here many scores of times, both at morning and at evening, and I remember to have met but once or twice any of the boys here. Indeed, I have been attracted to it by its solitude."

"You must have seen this valley in many fine varieties of atmosphere," said the doctor, "if you have frequented this place. Few persons that I meet seem to have been struck with the variety which nature produces by vaporous vestments. We notice the atmosphere in its extreme conditions, but not in all the fine intermediate gradations. The world puts on a thousand garments, and seldom two alike. Men and women are so busy with their own apparel that they have no time to behold the wonderful vestures which God lets down upon the earth."

Barton's appearance was striking. Rose's presence, his own approaching farewell to the scenes of so much enjoyment, stirred him to the utmost feeling. But, according to his nature, he repressed all signs of it, and grew calm as he grew intense. Yet the light came through. His face had a high and commanding look, and every word he spoke came as a tone comes from a chord well strung. Yet there was no stolen glance at Rose. There was neither hiding nor revealing. There was on both parts simplicity and ingenuousness.

"Some mornings there must have been which stand out in your memory with peculiar force?" said Rose.

"Scarcely two have been alike. But some few stand out with extraordinary distinctness. One morning I came up here when the whole valley lay tranquilly in a fog. Only the tops of Holyoke and Tom appeared, and they were like islands in a wide sea. It was very impressive. It seemed as if a flood had submerged the earth and drowned all the living people, and I was left a solitary spectator, looking out over this wide, desolate and silent sea. But so soon as the sun rose, its action was magical. There seem to be in vapor very different degrees of sensibility to the sunlight. It is often sluggish, and is little affected by hours of sunshine. But this morning, no sooner did the rays pierce it than it began to writhe and twist and roll up in all forms of convolution, as if suffering pain. In a moment openings appeared, through which I saw the earth beneath, and the first distinct picture happened to be Norwood itself, which I looked down upon as through an open window in the heavens whose sides shut out all else. The whole scene lasted scarcely half an hour."

"What was the other one?"

"It was an evening scene. I was on the east side of the college, when I noticed a singular glow in the air. The grove, the students, everything seemed roseate. I knew that something was going on worth seeing, and made for this place as speedily as possible. The scene that burst on me was wonderful. The heavens seemed to be drenched with rose color. All the west glowed with it. It ascended to the zenith. It seemed to pour over and down to the very horizon in the east. A slight haze, or rather scales of thin vapor, filled the hemisphere, and these were saturated with rose color. Gradually it changed to flame color, and then the landscape was more wonderful still. Fearful it was. It seemed to be like a universal conflagration. I thought of the language of prophecy, When the moon shall be turned to blood; and of that Great Day when the elements shall melt with fervent heat. The whole world stood in an unnatural trance, and the most familiar things looked wild and almost fearful. But the vision was of short duration. Suddenly, and while I was looking, the color was caught up again out of the air. Things resumed their common look, and the glory had left no effects behind."

"No effects?" said Rose. "Did it not leave its effect upon your mind? Did it not leave a new color in the imagination? new conceptions of Divine power?"

"In truth it did. It awaked all my mother in me?"

"What?"

"My mother has the sense of infiniteness and mysteriousness more than any that I have ever known. Something of her spirit I have inherited."

"I know what you mean," said Rose, quickly.

"This is the true moral effect," said Dr. Wentworth, "of the more impressive natural phenomena. Men grow intensely egotistical. They are saturated in human life, as if God had made nothing but men, and men only in their every-day uses and employments. Whatever gives a shock to this trite egotism, and awakens, even for a moment, in men, a sense of God's presence in all nature, cannot but inspire a more wholesome spirit than that which usually frets and weaves out the over-busy day.

"Such days as Barton mentions stimulate one with surprise, and serve, as is said in medical practice, as *alteratives*; but I doubt whether a recurrence of them would give so much pleasure as is derived from days of ordinary sunshine. Nothing is so full of joy to me as the simple sunshine of days following rains or snows, when the atmosphere is washed clean, when the blue is deep and sober, when all objects rise before the eye clearly defined, and with what seems to me, always, earnestness. There is an exhilaration in simple sunlight. A flower is beautiful; forests and mountains are noble; clouds measure the whole scale, from simple beauty to superlative grandeur. But, after all, sunlight, as an object of pleasure, of admiration, and even of affection, in the sense in which the term is applied to insentient things, is far beyond them all. There are no storms or convulsions in it. Its waves fill up the universe, but never rage nor utter sound. There is unwasting power, in utter silence, in it. Sounds are very impressive, but silence is far more so; and to me no silence is like that of universal sunlight. Out of its stillness come all those energies which awaken life upon the globe. It is father of the forest and the field. It creates the currents of the ocean and the storms of the air, and yet the sunlight itself is forever tranquil. It is to me the most impressive feature of the world. It is that symbol which most nearly represents the universality of God, the energy and fruitfulness of Divine power, and its modesty, as well.

"For, I often reflect how it seems to hide itself, by revealing all the objects of creation. It lives and rejoices in what it creates. But sunlight itself is far more beautiful, infinitely more wonderful than are the innumerable broods of life that spring from it. When I am in perfect physical health, there is no delight which I am more grateful for than a simple sunshine, in a clear atmosphere. I never so much wonder as then at that unaccountable propensity of men to forge religious symbols.

"I admit the need which men have of some concrete representation of invisible truths. For that express purpose the whole globe has been fashioned. But men are absolutely afraid of Materialism in religion! They dread to use the instruments which God ordained. With the saddest egotism, they set up artificial signs that at best but poorly suggest the pure, the true, the good, the infinite. Stars and suns give way to candles; cotton and wool from the loom set aside the garments of light with which God glorifies the world; and while ten million flowers around the world offer perfume, men burn handfuls of frankincense in cramped temples. When the perfect day comes, all men will worship, and in Nature they will find all the symbols needed to set forth the glory of the incommunicable God."

"But, father," said Rose, "did not God himself appoint ritual and symbols for his people?"

"For a stone-race, too gross to understand the imagery of nature, he gave, as it were, a translation designed to bring them back to the primal and grander temple service. When this had answered its purpose, he abolished it, and in the advent he swept altar and vestment away, and, opening the realm of Nature, he revealed the hidden truth that it was the realm of Grace."

"But, my dear father, is not nature corrupt?"

"What nature? Human life is corrupt enough; but is this habitable globe, its generous tones, its munificent seasons, its pictorial scenery, its marvellous processes, its gorgeous imagery, its days and nights, summers and winters, its oceans and air, and sun and sunlight, are these corrupt? Since when have the heavens ceased to declare the glory of God?"

Barton and Rose had met during his college course several times. Yet, their intercourse had been so different from former days, when they met every week, that it was in effect separation.

Those who are ripe and fixed in their opinions may be separated long without losing sympathy or acquaintance. But in youth, when the mind is just opening, when opinions are changing, and while the whole character is subject every year to the impress of new forces, a long separation is, virtually, the loss of acquaintance, particularly with persons of a deep nature. Conscious of great changes in themselves, and supposing like ones to have taken place in others, there is an exquisite curiosity to know each other again, and to prove whether both have grown in sympathy toward a common centre, or whether development has been dissimilar and repellent. There is in every sensitive soul a fine jealousy that refuses, after long separation, to be taken again at the old estimate. Barton did not commit the mistake, either in manner or feeling, of saying:

"We shall be intimate now just as we were four years ago! His manner said, 'Four years ago, as boys and girls, we were friends. You have passed on to a higher level.'"

Rose had more than attained to the utmost bounds which his imagination had ever placed for improvement. Barton, more than ever, felt in her presence a kind of hopelessness. His love for Rose had with manhood gained strength and breadth. The interviews during his senior vacation had shown no change in her but the regular and beautiful evolution of a nature that had inherited without struggle the harmony which in others comes by violent conflicts, or not at all. If she had seemed good and noble before, she seemed to his riper judgment yet lovelier, and further removed from need of him.

But the consciousness of a feeling far deeper than he supposed Rose suspected, the constraint which he laid upon it, the attempt which he made to leave Rose free from the slightest pressure of his wishes and feelings, wrought a kind of formal manner—at times, almost coldness. He was not acting from a selfish pride, unduly solicitous for his own standing, but from a high and conscientious determination not to embarrass the woman whom he most honored and loved.

When Tommy Taft reached Amherst on Commencement-day, his first desire was to ascend the hill and inspect the college buildings. In the confusion of the day, he might easily have been left to find out his own way without benefit of explanations. Indeed, he had gone alone up to the college buildings. He had looked curiously in at the dormitories, had gone to the chapel, and looked wonderingly at the recitation rooms, and with some surprise at the "crockery shop," as he called the room of philosophical instruments. But, luckily, he met Hiram Beers, whose frequent visits to Amherst had made him familiar with every portion of its grounds and buildings. Under such good pilotage, Tommy Taft proceeded to the Library, whose magnitude impressed him profoundly. Drawing near to Hiram, he said, with a knowing wink:

"This is what they come for, eh?"

"What do you mean, old fellow?" said Hiram.

"They come to college to read all them books? I don't wonder it takes 'em four years. Do you s'pose Barton has got all this inside of him?"

"Very likely," said Hiram; "but it's mighty poor feed, I should think; for the fellers that read most git the leanest."

"Do you know which end they begin at?" said Tommy, with a curious awe.

"Wal," said Hiram, "I've been here before, but I never saw many folks a readin' here. I guess the fellers play ball pretty much all summer, and read winters."

They proceeded to the Natural History Cabinets. Tommy was exceedingly delighted with the shells. They seemed to take him back to familiar objects.

"Now that's somethin' wuth seein'. But I never dreamed there was as many bugs in all creation as they have stuck up here. It's surprisin'! Wonder how they got 'em?"

Hiram showed him into the geological rooms, where were the famous bird-track slabs of Connecticut River, so dear to Professor Hitchcock.

"There, Tommy. What do you think of that for bird-tracks?"

Tommy looked at them closely, with his head cocked first on one side and then on the other.

"Them's pretty big birds, Hiram. But you won't make me believe there was ever birds as heavy as that!"

"Heavy as what?"

"Why, heavy enough to make tracks in solid stones," said Tommy, with a little indignation at being supposed capable of such imposition. "I can stand a deal of stuffin', as I tell Dr. Buell, when he preaches on the doctrines. Sez I, —Doctor, I can stand it as long as you can. If you aint satisfied, jest go on, and fetch out some more. But I be darned, Hiram, if you can stuff me with these 'ere stories."

"Well," said Hiram, "I wa'n't there when they did it, but they say it's so. You'd better ask Barton."

Tommy had not half satisfied his curiosity when he was warned that, if he would hear the speaking, he must make haste to the church where the commencement exercises were to be held. This village church was the antithesis of the Temple of Minerva upon the Acropolis. *That* exhibited the utmost degree to which symmetry and beauty could be carried. Taking the other direction, this village church, which was a Grecian temple with a cupola on its back, demonstrated how far it was possible for man to go in the direction of monstrous ugliness. What can be done in that case no one will ever imagine who has not seen this remarkable effort at architecture. It left nothing more to possibility in that kind.

Hither flocked rustic beauties. Hither streamed hundreds of honest-faced farmers, whose sons were in college, or had been. The procession was advancing and the band of music was filling all the air with exhilarating sounds. All was excitement and bustle.

By great boldness and some strength, Tommy forced himself near the front of the gallery, where he could see and hear all. A sly use of his wooden leg was of great service. Did any one refuse to move, Tommy, accidentally putting his wooden leg upon his toe, never failed to produce a sudden retraction of that member. Of course, as he deftly slipped himself forward into the crevice thus opened, he was quite unconscious of any mischief. Any one could see that who looked upon his hard, unmoving face.

Through all the weary variety Tommy kept watch. Others changed places, went out and returned, but not Tommy Taft. He came there to see Barton graduate, and that he meant to see, without regard to time or fatigue. The heat was great, but Tommy had found greater in the tropics. He wiped his face with his great red cotton handkerchief, with such vigorous rubs that one feared lest his feature should disappear under such a currying process. He joined heartily in all the applause which was given one by one to the speakers. But when, at length, Barton appeared, the old man seemed in raptures. "Now you'll hear him. That's the boy! Now, hark!"

At the passages which elicited commendation, Tommy's foot joined in with an emphasis that left nothing to be desired in the way of noise.

Far different were Rachel Cathcart's feelings. Not far from her son she sat, and when he rose, it seemed to her more as a vision than a reality. Was this indeed her own son? the very babe that she had brought forth? the child which she had tended? the boy that she reared? the little farmer that rose in her memory as he used to appear when at work? She was like one in a dream! His voice sounded strange in her ears. This great crowd of people, all looking up with admiration and sympathy, and her own son, the centre and cause of all! She scarcely heard what he said. When loud plaudits startled her, she looked as one roused from reverie. At length the valedictory was delivered. It was indeed a farewell. Barton had felt in his very soul, and probably more than any of his classmates, the full sentiment of parting, and it gave a tenderness and solemnity to both his words and manner which touched all the audience to tears.

When the services were closed, many there were who congratulated Barton. But, with a fine delicacy, there were more who offered respectful congratulations to 'Biah Cathcart and Rachel. Both seemed willing to avoid their son in such a crowd. They extricated themselves from the throng, and repaired to their lodgings, that none might look upon the joy of a family whose love and pride had that day been so signally blessed.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

FANNY FRENCH.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When I, Fred. Ford, was one-and-twenty, I went to board with Mrs. French. When I first saw her she had puckers about her mouth, and wrinkles about her forehead, and a general expression which one who knew her might interpret into doubts about the extent of the baker's truthfulness, and of the new boarder's reliability.

But she had been very pretty,—one of those women who flourish under a course of luxury and petting, and wilt under misfortune, like hot-house flowers under neglect. There was a miniature of a wax doll in the house, and an oil painting of another wax doll, with puffs of light hair and a low boddice, in the parlor; and both had been perfect likenesses of Mrs. French as a young matron, if her statement was veracious.

Indeed, at forty-five she looked very like the same wax doll, subjected to hard usage, bumped and thumped, and scratched with pins, with all her troubles scored upon her face, as though it had actually been wax instead of flesh.

The late Mr. French—that is, his *portrait*—hung in the opposite recess. He had been very fond of his wife, and she of him; but that he had never been prosperous I gathered from the fact that on his death she had taken to keeping boarders, and that she was in the habit of saying, with a sigh, "That it was very imprudent for two poor people to marry each other."

The adage was not agreeable to me; but I was very fond of Mrs. French, she had been so kind to me. When I first went there, almost a stranger, I had been very ill, and Mrs. French had nursed me well again, and had put no "extras" in the bill, but had patted me on the head and said, "No, child. I'd like any one else to do the same by Frank, if he were ill," when I spoke of recompense. And from that day I had tried to be what Frank was not to her.

Frank was just my age—a handsome young fellow, selfish as mortal could be, who used all his mother's surplus cash for kid gloves and cigars, and, with a good salary, was always in debt. He was dissipated, too, and once I heard sobbing, and stumbling, and whispering in the entry, and guessed that Mrs. French and Fanny were piloting Master Frank to bed.

Fanny was only seventeen; not so pretty as her mother had been; but with a face never to be so ploughed over by trouble and anxiety. She was born to bear it, and to bear it well. A cheerful, bright-faced girl, with a dash of Yankee cuteness about her, and a habit of shouldering the household responsibilities as if they were her own property.

She could appease indignant and long-suffering butchers; she could make desserts out of nothing; she could accept the *rôle* of chamber-maid or laundress in cases of emergency; and knew how to so fascinate the *gourmand* of the table when the meat was tough, that he could not have told whether he were eating fish, flesh, or fowl. She was the life-boat of the establishment, and saved it from destruction a dozen times a week.

I began by thinking her the nicest girl under the sun, and ended by falling desperately in love with her.

I was junior clerk at Prime & Puffer's, with a promise of promotion. I had barely enough to live on; Mrs. French knew exactly how much. I had heard her say so many times that "poor people should never marry each other," that I felt afraid she meant something personal. Once, on the receipt of wedding cards, she remarked that "it cost something to start in life," and groaned.

I humbly asked an explanation, and had revealed unto me a dim vision of kitchen furniture and mattresses, blankets and parlor chairs, carpets and china. After that I used casually to ask the prices of mahogany and ironmongery of the dealers. I kept a strict account of such matters, and at last reckoned it all up. Being able, by a system of strict economy, to save two shillings a week, I found that, with my salary, it would take forty years and two months to provide material for housekeeping. I should then be sixty-one years old. It was not encouraging. I heard that "things were going up" with a horror equal to that manifested by Mrs. French herself, and felt wrinkles coming in *my* forehead, if I could not see them there. I knew I was too poor to think of marrying any one, but I longed to woo and win and wed dear little Fanny French. I used to wish that I was a hod carrier; then I might have built a shanty, and bought two chairs and a clay furnace, and lived on herrings and potatoes, and been happy with the other half of my soul. But a lady and gentleman cannot be happy without, at least, a thousand dollars' worth of furniture to begin with, and there I was again.

I looked love at Fanny, and acted it to the best of my ability, but I said nothing. Anything was better than a decided "no;" and I had a conscience, too. I was not sure that I had a right to try to gain a "yes" under the circumstances.

Yet Fanny seemed to like me, and I should have been tolerably happy if it had not been for Mr. Van Duzer. He was "Van Duzer & Co."—"Co." being a freak of imagination—and Frank French was in his employ. I knew he had only taken the brother because he liked Fanny, and I knew that he liked Fanny so much that he wanted her altogether for himself. He was a very sick man, and still making money; but he was fifty years old, with a heavy Jewish face and a lumbering gait, with no more music in his soul than there was in his voice, which grated like a file, and he had been married twice already. Fanny did not like him, but Mrs. French approved of his suit. Once I heard her talking to Fanny about him.

"You'd never know a trouble if you married Mr. Van Duzer, child," she said. "All the pinching and worrying would be over for you."

"And a new trouble might come," said Fanny, in a dreamy way. "I don't love him, mamma."

"Love-matches don't turn out the best," said Mrs. French, with a little sigh.

And Fanny stopped the talk with a merry declaration that she "never meant to marry at all," and I heard no more; but those few words troubled me; and now that Mr. Van Duzer came to the house every Sunday as well as every Wednesday, and brought bouquets with him, and wore cravats of youthful fashion, and evinced a disposition to linger with Fanny at the window of moonlight nights, and uttered uncalled-for fibs about his age, and spoke of his compeers as "old folks," and conducted himself with a youthful levity which was quite astonishing for his size, I found it impossible to restrain my feelings much longer.

One day I caught Fanny in the parlor—there was no one else near—and I put my arm about her waist.

"Fanny dear," I said, "you know just how poor I am. Won't you give me a little hope that it would be worth my while to make my fortune?"

"What *do* you mean, Fred.?" she asked—but she blushed.

"That you would share it with me!" I said.

She tried to laugh.

"I love you so much, Fanny!" I said. "Don't you like me a little—better at least than old Van Duzer?"

She laughed in earnest this time.

"That would be very easy, Fred.," she said.

"Then you won't marry him?"

She looked at me a moment, seemed to reflect—and then, with a bright, honest, earnest look, put her hand in mine.

"No, Fred.," she said, "I never will."

I was very happy then, and I lifted the little hand to my lips, and kissed it.

"And some day, Fanny, you *will* marry me?" I asked. "Just let me hope that, and I can fight a good fight with the world, I think."

Again she seemed to ponder. Then she looked up again very thoughtfully.

"Some day, Fred.," she said, "when it is right for both of us—if you still wish it!"

Then I kissed her lips, and we were silent for a while; and I took my mother's wedding-ring from my little finger, and put it upon one of hers. And I shall never forget that moment, if I live to forget every thing else on earth!

We did not tell Mrs. French. It was our secret for a while, at least. I was not afraid of old Van Duzer now, let him come when he would. I laughed at him in secret. I exulted in his downfall. Some day he would be refused—he who had called me "that young fellow," with a sneer, and had "wondered what I wanted there," when I lingered near the window when he stood with Fanny. When Frank, riding down town with me in the morning, told me how light "old Van Duzer" made his duties, "because he was sweet on Fan.," and said "it would be a good thing for her and for him," I could afford to smile. I was sure of her, and I was happy.

So happy that when, one evening, the old merchant came in, with a face full of solemn portent, and invited Fanny to take a walk, I felt no concern whatever. Even if he intended to propose, it was all the better for me. I should be rid of him. I knew what Fanny's answer must be, for she wore my engagement-ring. I saw her leave the house upon his arm, and smiled with a sort of pity for poor Van Duzer. And upon the balcony I sat, watching for their return. It was nearly ten o'clock before they came. Then I saw them—she walking with her head dropped upon her bosom; he, with a triumphant strut. And, at the threshold—the street-lamp betrayed them—he kissed her as they parted! What did it all mean? I had my answer soon. She came into the parlor, and sat down upon a sofa. No one else was there. I went to her. She was sobbing dreadfully.

"Fanny, oh Fanny!" I cried, and she put her head upon my shoulder. Since my engagement it had often rested there.

"Kiss me once more, Fred.," she said. "It's the last time. Oh, Fred., Fred.—poor, dear Fred., the last time. I'm going to marry Mr. Van Duzer!" and she took the ring from her finger, and laid it in my hand.

"Are you mad, or am I?" I panted.

"*I* shall be soon," she said. "Try to be happy, Fred. Try to forget me, as I must you."

"*You* have sold yourself for money," I said. "*You!* Oh, Fanny, it is horrible! I can't believe it!"

And then she tore herself from my grasp, and ran out of the room.

By the next evening, somehow, everyone knew that Fanny French was to marry Mr. Van Duzer. People spoke of it as "an excellent match."

But, pleased as Mrs. French seemed to be, there was an under-current of trouble in her face; and Frank was not at home, and was said to have gone upon a journey; and I fancied the young fellow had managed to get into some scrape or other. Though my own trouble was so great that I hardly cared what it was. As for Fanny, she kept herself out of sight, except at meal-times, and then was so sad and pale that I should scarcely have known her.

I ought to have gone away, but I was in a bewildered state, and it was easier to stay than to think about going. I felt ill, too, and had a vague fancy that I should die soon. To live with no hope of Fanny, seemed impossible. How small and easily overcome those anxieties about ways and means seemed to me now. I felt them very great while I thought myself sure of Fanny; they were sheer absurdities now that she was lost. I fell into a moody, brooding way, passed sleepless nights, could not eat, could not rest. At last, and my excuse is that I was nearly mad, I made up my mind to take my life into my own hands, and not live an hour after she was Mrs. Van Duzer.

It was, or seemed to me, a very nice piece of poetical justice that she should suffer, and I resolved to stand in her path as she came out of church and shoot myself then and there. If she died of it, it was a well-deserved fate; and if she did not, I intended to haunt her, scarcely reflecting what condition of spirits I must find myself in to remain revengeful.

One day I went into the parlor suddenly, to find all the women of the house grouped about a pile of white silk and blonde.

I knew it was a wedding-dress and veil, and what I suffered no mortal ever knew. But I lived through it.

It strengthened my suicidal resolves, however; and, wicked as I was, I deserved some pity, my agony was so intense.

And every event of that woeful fortnight, for the wedding was hurried on at full speed, was a new blow to me.

The new table furniture for the wedding, the home-coming of the wedding-cards, and at last of the confectioner's bride cake, the box of white gloves, and the wreath, which was exhibited on private view to the lady boarders. It was all very horrible to bear, and I was very truly in earnest.

And so the days slipped around and brought the wedding morning, and I sat in the parlor quite alone.

They were to be married in church, and she was, I knew, being dressed for the ceremony. I had not seen her for three days. And they told me she was looking very ill. I had loaded the little pistol and kept it in my bosom. I felt that the end of all things was near for me. It was twelve. She was to be married at one.

Just then the door-bell rang, and a gentleman was ushered in—a young fellow, with a dissipated look about him, but earnest and sober just then, as some sudden shock often makes such men. He stood, hat in hand, before me; and I saw in his face that he was the bearer of evil tidings. I arose to meet him.

"You asked for Mrs. French?" I said.

"I did," said the young man. "Are you a friend of the family?"

I bowed.

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what to do," he said. "There was no one else to come, and I came. It's a horrible thing. Frank French is dead. Shot in a gambling place. He's been hiding, you know, for a month. Some scrape, I fancy. But he turned up at that place last night, and played with G——, and won his money, and G—— shot him. It's his sister's wedding day, isn't it? It's a horrible thing to have to do, this telling them. Oh, good Heavens! there's his mother."

And I turned only in time to catch Mrs. French in my arms. She had heard something and understood all.

They buried poor Frank next day, and of course there was no wedding in the house. The wedding dresses and the feast were hurried out of sight, and in the presence of that bereaved mother I forgot my own sorrow in a greater woe. On my arm she leant beside the grave, and there my mad thoughts of self-destruction and revenge left me forever, and I prayed for forgiveness, and for comfort and happiness for Fanny French, whoever she might wed—wherever she might dwell.

In the twilight I sat near the window, looking out into the street, and watching the homeward going crowd, when a hand touched my shoulder; and, turning, I saw Fanny French in her deep mourning. Her face was tear-stained, yet she was more like the old Fanny than I had seen her for weeks.

"I must tell you something, Fred.," she said. "You remember the night—the night I walked out with Mr. Van Duzer?"

"Remember it?" I answered, with a glance.

"You have thought very ill of me ever since," she said, "and I have been very wretched. Oh, Fred., I'm not even sure that I did right; but I sacrificed myself, my own happiness, I think it would have been my life, also, for poor Frank and my dear mother. Frank had robbed Mr. Van Duzer—(he is dead now, remember; try not to feel harshly to him)—and Mr. Van Duzer told me so that night.

"'I know where he is,' he said. 'I can arrest him for grand larceny to-morrow; but I will never harm or disgrace him if you will be my wife. If you refuse me, I shall do my worst.'

"Oh, Fred., how I plead with that man. He had a heart of stone. I told him I could not love him. I told him all the truth.

"'I've had my way in most things,' he said; 'I mean to have it in this. Remember, you ruin your brother, and perhaps kill your mother, who loves him better than she does you if you are obstinate.'

"And I knew he spoke the truth; and I loved them so, and I promised to be his wife. Oh! Fred., Fred.!"

I took her little hand in mine; it was cold as ice.

"Fanny," I said, "now—how is it now?"

"Mr. Van Duzer's power is gone. He cannot harm dead Frank; or my mother through him," she sobbed. "Oh, Fred., since dear papa died I have felt as though I must always bear the shock of every blow, and it *seemed* my duty."

I put her hand to my lips, and drew her toward me.

"Fanny," I said, "will you wear the ring again?" And I took the one she had returned to me and laid it on her palm. "Will you let me hope that if Fortune smiles upon me you will be my wife?"

"Whether Fortune smiles or frowns, Fred.," she said, and put it on and kissed it.

And she has kept her word, and we are one.

* * *

Avoid Getting Into Debt.—If you boast of a contempt for the world avoid getting into debt. It is giving to gnats the fangs of vipers.

SINCE BABY DIED!

BY GRACE H. HORR.

I had a little darling babe,
As fair as any flower,
She gladdened me a little while,
Then left me one dark hour!
I fain would lie down by her side,
I'm lonely now, since baby died!

She lay within my arms at rest,
And softly drew her breath;
One look, one gasp—'twas over then—
She'd passed away with Death!

I had no tears in those first hours,
Although my heart was sore;
O, how my bosom wildly yearned
To see her smile once more!

And when her father home returned,
No words my lips could trace;
No words of wo were needed then,
He read them in my face!

He grasped my hand, in love, I know,
And drew me to his breast;
But oh! the mother love within,
Will nowhere let me rest!

We laid her down beneath the grass,
Young flowers are growing o'er;
They're watered by the mournful tears,
I daily on them pour!

I often cry out, in my dreams—
Oh wake! my baby, wake!
I look into the little crib,
And think my heart will break!

The Sun, he shines as bright as e'er,
The trees in beauty wave;
But oh! they cannot charm my heart,
From one green, tiny grave!

They tell me she is happy now,
With holy babes above;
I know it all—but cannot calm
This yearning mother-love!
I fain would lie down by her side—
I'm lonely now, since baby died!

CHANGED HIS MIND.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

I do not record the fact because it is at all remarkable, unhappily it is not. James Morgan was tired of his wife. Many other men are, I presume, in the same condition. Sometimes this weariness is merely a mood, sometimes it is a fixed, irritating fact.

I do not know why, except that restless natures always tire of restraints, this should be so. Mrs. Morgan was certainly as good a wife as Mr. M. deserved—better, perhaps, if one were to measure deserts faithfully. Mr. Morgan had not the slightest idea of the trouble he was so carefully preparing for her. She was not, had not been, a happy woman by any means.

The maternal instinct was largely developed in her, but hers was a childless home; and when she invited the little ones of her sisters and brothers to visit her, her husband loudly protested—called the visit a "raid," and the little visitors "nuisances."

She had yielded, and because she found that he was pleased when young ladies were invited, often had them, though she did not herself so greatly enjoy their society. Mr. Morgan would have said because she was jealous of his gallant attentions to them. But this was not wholly true. She was a true and loyal woman, she had married her husband because she loved him, and knew that for this, and because she was his wife, she had the supreme right to his love and all evidences of it. So long as she had this, she did not feel hurt or jealous when he showed indications of friendly regard to others.

Jealousy is one of the meanest of human emotions, and is lowering both to the person who indulges it and to the object of it. Mrs. Morgan had not, perhaps, considered it in this light; but she never allowed herself to indulge in it, not even when the growing coldness of her husband's manner at last convinced her that the rest of her life must be passed in the most disconsolate of widowhoods.

She was a high-principled woman. She tried to act always according to the rule of right, and to order her life in all things by the precepts of the Holy Scriptures. Reposing in this faith, she believed and hoped that, ordered by a wiser than she, all things would work together for good till the darkling hour passed and the light of hope should begin to dawn.

So moved on the affairs of this discordant household—the dissatisfied husband and the unhappy wife equally misunderstanding the true causes which were working ill to them.

And in the meantime, Mr. Morgan, growing stronger in his mad resolve, came near precipitating the result upon which he had determined.

He had still left some sense of honor and manliness toward his wife, though these were points on which he had hitherto shown little disposition to concern himself where she was concerned. At any rate, though late, he was struck with the idea that he ought to inform her of his intentions. Now Mr. Morgan was not generally considered a hard-hearted man. In fact, he was thought by his associates to be genial and kind; and when of late Mrs. Morgan was sometimes seen wearing a sad face with the frown of deep, troubled thought upon it, people wondered, and could not believe that Mr. Morgan gave her cause for such looks. I believe that most people were of opinion that, if there *was* anything wrong, she was the cause of it.

Friends and neighbors, I have observed, are apt to deceive themselves considerably in regard to the characteristics of their intimates, and, except in flagrant cases, hardly ever appreciate the true causes of domestic quarrels and difficulties. If a woman's true delicacy and self-respect keeps her long silent under wrong, if she hesitates to betray her husband in wrong-doing, and prefers to bear this rather than to complain of him, she perhaps still loves; the lookers on, not seeing the provocation, usually pronounce her the wrong-doer, and count her reticence as against her. And as Mr. Morgan was a free, jovial man, and his wife had lately been a sad-faced, quiet woman, somehow public opinion set steadily if not strongly against her.

It was Sunday. Mrs. Morgan had risen with a bad headache, and had not been to church. In fact she had spent most of the day with her face buried in the pillow that was thoroughly wetted with her tears. The premonition of a great sorrow was upon her; but it was, if dreadful, vague and undefined.

Mr. Morgan, on the contrary, knew exactly what he was about to do. He intended that night to inform his wife that he was about to be legally separated from her. The next day the papers prepared in the case were to be served upon her. He supposed she might probably feel badly about it, though she was so incapable of deep feeling it could not effect her long; still it was but fair that he should tell her about his intention, and prepare her for its execution. And so he would, that night, kindly of course. No need of being unkind, even if we did not much like a person.

She got up at tea time, and made herself ready for the meal. In her cool, neat, summer dress, with her pale cheek, that flushed with sudden color at each sound of the beloved voice, the quick, startled expression in her eyes that told her awakened apprehension, made her more beautiful than she had been even in her girlhood. Mr. Morgan, looking at her as she sat opposite him at the table, could not avoid noticing this and even acknowledging it to himself.

He spoke more kindly to her than had of late been his wont, and was surprised to see the quick flash of color to her cheek and brow, and the springing tears that answered him from her eyes.

A little beating of his heart, a warmer feeling there than he had known of late, was the response, but it was unheeded. When he had decided to do anything he was not wont to change his mind.

"She is not well, and is probably weary of her life, as I am of mine."

A sharp little tremor, a sudden dart of pain might have made him question the truth of his words, but they were unheeded.

"Mary," he began, "I am thinking of a change in our mode of life." She started, flushed, and a deadly pallor followed, but he went on. "I have been thinking for some time that we were very much unsuited to each other. Of course I feel sure that we shall always be friends, but it seems useless to try to live amicably as husband and wife. Do you not agree with me?"

He paused, but no answer came from those white lips.

"Oh! another sulky fit," he commented, inaudibly.

He went on:

"Believing that you feel as I do, I have made some preparations for the event we contemplate——"

"Not I—oh! not I!" came in broken murmurs from those frozen lips.

He paused, but no word followed.

—"I have caused papers to be prepared which will be served on you to-morrow morning, preliminary to the separation I ask for. Your comfort, in the future, will be well provided for. I have set apart for you the means of home and support equal, I believe, to your desires. I hope you will be happy—will have all that you will want—and in your new freedom will enjoy yourself better than you have as my wife. We will arrange——"

He paused and sprang startled to her side as he saw her slide slowly to the floor. When he reached her, she lay there cold and still like one dead.

A pang rent the heart of the man who had caused this suffering. He raised her in his arms and bore her away to her room.

After a time, with proper restoratives, she recovered; but she lay cold and still and silent. Observing that she did not attempt to speak, and seemed to wish to be silent, he went away and left her alone in her misery. It was cruel soothing, but perhaps the wisest course he could have pursued. Left alone, she hugged her grief to her breast, and at last, wearied out with her struggle, sobbed herself to sleep. Life seemed very dark to her, and hope dead; but nature claimed her dues and would not be silenced. She slept the quiet sleep of childhood.

Happily her sleep was almost dreamless. She did not start, or tremble, or cry out. A grieved, patient, quivering sob from time to time escaped her lips. In her frequent but short wakings, a sense of some heavy sorrow hung over her, but she seldom fully realized it. Late at night, when Mr. Morgan returned, she was sleeping quietly, and he commented, as he stole away, upon her insensibility and want of feeling. When they met in the morning, no allusion was made to the conversation of the past evening.

About noon the proper officer of the law called and served upon her the papers rendered necessary by her husband's intentions. He went away, and she was left to silent, suffering thought.

"I will make no opposition. Let him work his will. God forbid that, if he has ceased to love me, I should stand between him and freedom and happiness."

So she resolved on the perfect submission which had become habitual with her. But the day *was* a very sad one. At five o'clock her husband was expected back from the city, to which he went daily to attend to his business. She tremulously awaited him, timid and fearful, for their old relation seemed to have died out, and she knew not how, all at once, to adapt herself to another. She waited, and the clock ticked on. The hour struck and passed, almost unheeded at first, and then with a vague feeling of terror and alarm that every moment doubled and intensified.

Time dragged slowly and painfully along. In vain she repeated to herself that, feeling that this was no longer a home, she no longer a wife, he was purposely prolonging his absence. But she could not cheat her fears. They grew and grew till at last, when in the darkness, the road by which he was wont to return became invisible, she threw herself upon a sofa in an agony of terror. No one approached the house. Once in a while she stole away to the gate; always vainly. The late summer darkness fell, and she was still alone. The clock pealed the hours,—ten had just struck.

There was a sound of voices, of footsteps. She sprang to the door, and as it was flung open, a sad procession stood upon the threshold; and in its midst, covered with mud and streaming blood, they carried the body of Mr. Morgan.

There had been a terrible railway accident,—many had been killed; a few, like Mr. Morgan, —bruised, maimed, still breathing, but insensible,—yet lived weeks, and hideous memorials of the collision.

Hours, days, weeks passed; and he lived still, helplessly dependent upon the unwearied, soothing care of the woman he had contemned. No reference had ever been made to the intention he had announced, but it was always in the memory of both. Mr. Morgan no longer claimed her 'tendance as a right, but thanked her—feebly, but gratefully—for the kindnesses he had forfeited. She unconsciously treated him with something which she could not prevent approaching the ceremonious deference due a stranger. Both felt uncomfortable and unhappy, beyond even the sadness caused by his injuries.

This state of things could not long continue, though it was impossible for Mrs. Morgan to stop it. Pride kept Mr. Morgan silent, yet he was bearing a heavy punishment—the heavier that he well knew himself solely to be blamed for it. The time came when her pale cheek and sorrowful, timid mien conquered.

She came one day and, with something of the old, affectionate confidence, laid her head beside his upon the pillow, and pressed her soothing hand upon his brow.

"How sorry I am that you suffer so! I wish——"

She paused, and burst into tears. Then, rising, she moved away to a distance.

He could bear it no longer.

"And you say nothing of your own sufferings? You owe it all to me. You are an angel! You never complain to me, who have given you such misery and caused you such trouble."

He essayed to lift toward her his trembling, bandaged arms. She sprang toward him.

"I do not deserve it—I think you ought to leave me to suffer alone," he said.

But, with all the strength left in the feeble arms, he pressed her to his breast.

"My own, true wife!" he whispered at last. "Too good—a thousand times too good for me!"

"I shall never leave you of my own accord," she said.

"I have been a demon or a fool," was Mr. Morgan's estimate of himself; and that was the last she ever heard of the proposed separation.

He tore up the papers as soon as he could move about the house; and, from that day to this, the man who was tired of his wife, has seemed almost foolishly proud of her.

They are noted now as the happiest couple in all the town where they reside, and it is observed among all Mr. Morgan's city acquaintances that it is becoming his custom to quote his wife as indisputable authority on most subjects.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

Serene and cloudless, like a globe of molten gold, the November moon rose up from among the leafless woods, touching the eaves of the old red-brick mansion with tender lines of light, as Calcott Brown stood on the lowest step with Victoria Grant's little, satin-soft hand in his. How hard it was to say good-bye.

"And when are you coming again?" asked Victoria, in a low voice.

"When shall I be sure of a welcome?"

"Always!"

He gave the little hand a farewell pressure as he relinquished his hold of it.

"You shall hear from me very soon, Victoria." She walked with him to the gate, her light feet rustling among the dead leaves with soft, musical fall.

"You will return soon, Calcott?"

"Very soon."

So they parted in the frosty November moonlight, and Victoria went back to the house to resume her fancy knitting by the glow of the shaded lamp, and to think of Calcott's last words, while Squire Grant's deep bass snoring from a sofa in the corner, kept up a solemn undercurrent of sound.

Victoria Grant was no longer in her first flush of girlish beauty; in fact, she was past thirty, yet she was very lovely—a rose in its full, perfect bloom, rather than a bud. Dark-haired, with crimson cheeks and lips like full-ripe cherries, a straight, delicate profile, and blue-gray eyes, full of violet lights, you saw at the very first glance that Victoria's was no common face. Nor was it an incorrect index to her character. Proud and sensitive to the last degree, quick to resent fancied slights, and reserved, save to a very few, it was scarcely strange that Victoria had grown to mature womanhood without venturing into the lists of matrimony.

"I think he likes me," mused Victoria. "Was it bold or unwomanly in me to walk down to the gate with him to-night? Ought I to have bidden him good-bye here in the parlor? Yet I don't think he will misconstrue my conduct, for —I *think* he likes me."

And unconsciously, almost, to herself, the sweetest air-castles rose into her brain, and into every stitch of the fancy knitting was wrought the pleasantest of flitting, unreal fancies. Victoria Grant was very happy that chilly autumnal night.

"Well, daughter," yawned the old squire, finally struggling into a sitting posture. "Hey? what? surely it isn't eight o'clock?"

"The clock has just struck the hour, father."

"Has Mr. Calcott Brown gone?"

"Yes."

"Dear, dear, how very ill-bred he must have thought me! And I wanted to ask him about those new carriage horses he has been buying. Why didn't you wake me up, child?"

"You—you were sleeping so sweetly, father, and—and Mr. Brown will probably call again very soon."

"Yes, to be sure," said the squire, lighting his meerschaum with meditative slowness. "Nevertheless, I can't help thinking it was very ill-mannered and thoughtless in me to go to sleep."

And what did Calcott Brown think, as he was whirled through the sleeping moonlight landscapes by the swift impetus of steam? His thoughts were not very definite, to confess the truth. Leaning back on the velvet-cushioned seat, with folded arms, and hat drawn down in a very unbecoming fashion over his eyes, he lived over the last few hours, seeming once more to hear Victoria's low, soft voice, and feel the light hand lying in his own. And when the flinty-hearted conductor broke in upon the delicious thread of his musings with "BOYN-*ville*," Calcott wondered what had become of the hours.

"We've made pretty good time, haven't we, conductor?" he asked, stepping down from the platform.

"About as usual, Mr. Brown. I rather guess you've been asleep, eh?"

Asleep! Brown mentally scouted the idea as he stood buttoning up his coat, and watching the long train glide away like some enormous fire-throated serpent. Asleep! he had been in paradise! but how was that wooden-headed conductor to know it?

His carriage was ready, with the swift, slender-limbed bays, and all the way home he still pondered on Victoria Grant's blue-gray eyes.

"If *she* were only waiting to welcome me!" he exclaimed, half aloud, as the carriage stopped before the Ionic portico of the stately old stone mansion on the hill. "Somehow, the place never seemed so utterly lonesome to me before. The fact is——"

"Sir!" demanded the coachman, throwing open the door, and holding it open for him to descend.

"Nothing, Bryan; how's the gray colt?"

"Doing finely, sir."

"And Fatima?"

"Well, sir, she's pretty much got over her cold. If you please, Mr. Brown, Mr. Plummer was here to see if you would give him his price for the gray mare."

"Confound the gray mare! Does he think I am a fool?"

"I don't know what he thinks, sir; but he said he would call day after to-morrow, and——"

"He won't do anything of the kind," abruptly interrupted Brown. "I won't be bothered with listening to his lying falsehoods. I will write to him to-night and put a stop to his persecution. Lights in the library, Mrs. Tennant, and let's have supper as soon as possible. There's a suspicious chill of winter in the air to-night."

The library fire was burning cheerfully. Calcott Brown sat down and gazed thoughtfully into the burning coals, without taking up the pen that lay ready to his hand.

"There's no denying the fact,—I'm in love with that girl with the gray eyes and the peachy-red cheeks! For I suppose when a fellow dreams of a girl all night long, and thinks about her all day, it's pretty indubitable proof of the tender passion. I *did* suppose at one time that I was superior to the rest of the fools that people this world, but I see my mistake! To think I should have lived to be thirty-four years old, and finally fall desperately in love! Well, there's one thing certain; if Victoria won't have me, I shall be a miserable vagabond for the rest of my days. Why didn't I ask her to-night, when I stood there with her little apple-blossom of a hand in mine? Because I was a fool—a coward —an unmitigated poltroon! I could no more have spoken out the question nearest to my heart than I could have burst into an original Greek chorus. Yet I don't think, ordinarily speaking, I am a coward, either!"

He sat a few minutes in dreamy, thoughtful silence—then drew the desk closer to him.

"I will *write* to her! The words I could not speak in her actual presence shall be embodied on paper, and thus the momentous question shall be decided!"

And when Mrs. Tennant knocked at the door to announce to her master that supper was on the table, Mr. Calcott Brown was walking up and down the room in a very serene and satisfied frame of mind.

"Is Bryan down stairs, Mrs. Tennant."

"I believe he is, sir, a flirtin' with Mary Ann and Bridget," said Mrs. Tennant, drawing herself up. "The way those girls do carry on with him, sir, a saint wouldn't believe, let alone a sinner, and——"

"I dare say," interrupted Brown. "Tell him to carry these two letters to the post immediately."

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Tennant paused in the hall below to decipher their directions, with all the curiosity of her charming sex.

"Isaac Plummer! That's the man that want's the master to buy his horse! Miss Vic-to-ri-a Grant! Who's Miss Victoria Grant? Well, I *should* like to know!"

And musing deeply, with many shakes of her head, Mrs. Tennant delivered the letters to Bryan, greatly to the dissatisfaction of Mary Ann and Bridget.

"A letter?"

Victoria Grant examined the superscription and postmark, with the violet lights softening in her eyes, and the roses bursting into new and vivid bloom on her lovely cheek—and then she stole away to her own room to read it all by herself.

"He has written to me," she murmured, softly. "Oh, I wonder what he says!"

She broke open the note, and read it with a cheek that first grew pale, and then fired into blazing, burning scarlet:

"I wish you to understand, once for all," so ran the words, "that there is no use in any further interviews between us. Your decoying arts and specious smoothness are of no avail, so far as I am concerned, and it may save us both some unpleasantness if you understand it at once. What could induce you to suppose I care to possess a creature whose age and appearance are equally preposterous? I have never given you the least encouragement, nor do I intend to, and your persistence will only make matters still more unpleasant between us. I trust this note will do away with the necessity of my seeing you again.

"Yours, sincerely and frankly,
"CALCOTT BROWN."

Victoria dropped the note as if it had been a thing of fire. She did not shed a tear; she did not relapse, woman-like, into hysterics; she only felt, poor creature, as if a band of red hot iron were pressing on her forehead, and her heart were turned to ice!

Yes, the dream of her life was over now. It was a rude wakening, but it was effectual!

The clear morning air was blue as sapphire, the grass was silvered over with hoar frost, as Calcott Brown walked into the depot, his overcoat buttoned up to his throat, almost running against an elderly individual in rusty garments.

"Hello, Squire! goin' to Brookfield?"

Mr. Brown nodded stiffly.

"Why, I was jist a makin' for your house. You said you'd call and get the answer, but I knows my place a heap sight too well for that. And if you've really took sech a dretful fancy to the mare, why——"

"Confound the man!" irately exclaimed Mr. Brown, glancing at the depot clock. "Who on earth wants your old mare? I thought we had settled that matter effectually?"

"Why, dear me, squire, I'm blest if I know what you're talkin' about!" said Isaac Plummer, fumbling in his pocket for a crumpled note and slowly settling a huge pair of steel spectacles on his nose. "Here's your own letter in your own writin', jest's plain as daylight. 'Priceless treasure you're goin' to ax for;' 'long been wishin' for 't;' 'hain't no courage to plead for 't;' and here you winds up by tellin' me you'll call at my house at eleven o'clock this mornin' to get my answer; so, of course, I puts on my coat and comes over, to save you the trouble!"

The color rushed to Calcott Brown's temples, as he snatched the note from Isaac Plummer's by no means lily-white hand, and hurriedly glanced over its contents. Alas! the horrible surmise that had shot across his mind while the old man was prosing over it was but too correct! The note intended for Victoria Grant had been sent to Isaac Plummer, the horse-jockey!

"I won't be hard with ye, squire," said the old man, taking a huge pinch of shag tobacco between his grimy finger and thumb, "you may have her for five hundred dollars, though she's worth more'n that, any day!"

"Fire and furies!" muttered Calcott, as he thought of the other horn of the dilemma, "was ever man such a blind, idiotic fool as I have been? Here—a ticket for Brookfield, quick!"

For the whistle of the advancing train was already audible, and as he sprang upon the platform he could hear Isaac Plummer bawling after him:

"Say four hundred and seventy-five, Squire."

"What will she think? what *can* she think?" pondered Brown. "To think that any sane man could have been such a blockhead as I have proved myself! Poor, dear little Victoria! and she so sensitive too!"

The brilliant chrysanthemums in the garden nodded their glowing heads meaningly at him as he walked up the path where her feet had made such music among the fallen leaves—the sunshine lay on the door-steps, serenely, as he knocked at the old iron eagle's head.

"Miss Grant—is she at home?"

"Miss Victoria is at home, sir, but she bade me say she would receive no company to-day," said staid old Hannah, eyeing the gentleman distrustfully.

"I *must* see her!" exclaimed Callcott, pushing past the old woman. "Is she in the parlor?"

"Miss Victoria bade me say—" began the servant, but Calcott waited to hear no more. The next moment he was in the parlor, face to face with Victoria Grant herself.

She had risen to her feet and stood with one hand on the table, her face very pale, but composed.

"Victoria! you will at least hear me in my own defence!"

"I have heard *from* you, Mr. Brown," she said, frigidly, extending towards him the fatal letter.

He caught it from her hands and tore it into a score of pieces.

"This note was never intended for you, Victoria; it was written on business to a man who has long been annoying me. By some awkward mistake it was put into the wrong envelope. What must you have thought of me, Victoria?"

The color returned once more to Victoria's cheek. She had never once thought of this possibility.

"*Your* note was very different," he went on, "but perhaps it is better to tell you in words what I had written with the colder medium of pen and ink."

And sitting down beside her, with her hand *not* withdrawn from his, Calcott Brown told her all.

"You will be my wife, Victoria?"

"I will be your wife, Calcott."

So ended the romance of their lives; so began the bright reality.

* * *

HYPOCRISY.—He must have been a most impudent hypocrite who first wrote, "I am, sir, your most obedient, most humble, devoted servant."

* * *

—Sympathy and disgust are the lines that separate terror from horror: though we shudder at, we scarcely pity what we abominate.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The members of a family were in despair because one of the "daughters of the house" would not marry as per a rich old uncle's will, which marriage was necessary to keep a vast fortune in the family. They had all joined in setting forth the goodness and excellence of the selected husband without effect, when a sharp old maid struck in with a heavy vein of caustic slander, whereat the young lady took offence; a quarrel ensued, and she married the obnoxious man to spite the offensive old maid. Moral: If you want a girl to marry anybody in particular, don't praise, but *persecute* him, and your game is sure.

The New Haven Military Committee on the reception of the President are accused of having "ordered," in "general order No. 1," that, "if dusty, residents are requested to sprinkle the route of the procession and be entirely clear of strolling children and vehicles of every description." One of the college students, on reading this bit of military rhetoric, is said to have remarked that the committee were "*Yale* fellows well met."

At a social party in Cincinnati, a young lawyer observed a lady approaching whom he had the misfortune to offend. He extended his hand and exclaimed, "Good evening, Mary." "Miss Mary, if you please," said the young lady, bridling up at his familiarity. "We can miss you, Mary, only when you are absent," he replied, and they were soon reconciled. The young lady's hope is that she will soon be "miss"-ed no more.

A friend of Jeff. Davis's, at whose house the latter recently dined, says that the ex-rebel chieftain was low-spirited and expressed a wish that he could "suddenly disappear from the gaze of mankind and pass the remnant of his life in some far-off seclusion where none but his personal friends would follow him." President Johnson should make him governor of Sitka.

"My dear Ellen," said a young man, "I have long wished for this sweet opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself to speak the deep emotions of my heart; but I declare to you, my dear Ellen, that I love you most tenderly. Your smiles would shed—would shed—" "Never mind the wood-shed," said Ellen, "but go on with your pretty talk."

A pauper recently died in a poor-house, the superintendent of which suggested to an old roommate of deceased that he should dig his grave. This the old fellow stoutly refused to do, saying: "Hang the lazy old critter, he's been loafing about here all the spring; why didn't he dig his grave then if he wanted one dug?"

"What are you smashing that dog's head for! don't you see that he's as dead as a stone already?" "Yes I does; but he did kill mine schickens and suck mine eggs, and I did shoot him bery dead, *and now I lets him know dat dere is an hereafter!*" and the Teuton whacked away on the poor dog's skull.

"This is a great place for piety just now," remarked a noted and popular clergyman to some friends who had just arrived at his country residence, on a visit. "Is there any particular reason for it?" asked one of the guests. "Yes—the cherries are at the bottom of it: it was cherry-pie-ty that I referred to."

A short time since a surgeon was called as a witness, for the purpose of proving damages upon an action of assault. He deposed that he had bled the plaintiff; and being asked if bleeding had been necessary, candidly answered: "*We always find it necessary to do something when sent for.*"

Among the recent matrimonial advertisements in a daily paper was one for a husband "having a fine Roman nose with fixed religious principles," and "dark, expressive eyes with unquestionable moral character and satisfactory city references."

A man carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman and thus accosted: "So, sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony." "Softly, softly, old lady," said he, "you mistake—this is merely the *fruit-basket.*"

A certain fop was boasting in company that he had every sense in perfection. "There is one you are quite without," said one who was by, "and that is common sense."

An inventor announces a new kind of paper which he claims to be water proof. That would be the paper for lining milk-pails and milk-cans with.

"I'll drop in as I pass," as the rain said to the open sky-light.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A man boarding in a family living a few miles from Somerville, N. J., cut the throat of his host's little son, three years old, one morning lately. The child was sent to call the ruffian to breakfast, when he leaped from the bed, caught the boy, and cut his throat from ear to ear. He afterwards made desperate efforts to escape, but was hunted down and arrested, and if not lynched by the incensed inhabitants, will probably be hung according to law in due course of time.

Three previously respectable married women, living in Jersey City, "thought they would have a little fun" one evening last week, and so purchased and drank a bottle of brandy, whereby they became very drunk, went into the street, staggered about, fell down in the mud, and made themselves very boisterous and disgusting, and covered their friends with unspeakable mortification.

The body of a citizen of St. Lawrence county who committed an outrageous crime, and absconded from his residence, some ten months ago, was found in the woods in the town of Hermon, in that county, a few days ago. The wretched man had committed suicide by hanging himself. His head was still in the noose of the rope, but the body had parted from it and lay upon the ground.

Suicide seems to be the rage. No less than twenty-three cases were lately reported in different parts of the country within five days. One day last week, an elegantly dressed woman, whom no one on board the boat recognized, leaped into the East river from the stern of a Catherine-street ferry-boat, and was immediately swept away by the swift-rushing tide.

A farmer in Michigan, who was drawing logs with an ox-team, got his legs mixed up with the chain in some way, and the oxen taking fright, ran away, dragging the farmer over the ground, until he caught hold of a stump to hold on, when one of his legs was torn off, he preferring that casualty to the chance of being killed if he did not get loose from the team.

Boy bit by a Mad Dog.—One afternoon lately, as a boy was playing in front of his father's store in Morrisania, he was attacked and bitten by a dog supposed to be mad. The child was at once put under the care of a surgeon, and the dog was caught, for the purpose of keeping it and ascertaining whether it was mad or not.

Highway Robbery near Macomb's Bridge.—A gentleman residing at Highbridgeville, while taking a stroll near Macomb's Bridge, one evening last week, was set upon by highwaymen, severely handled, and robbed of a gold watch and chain valued at $175.

A travelling captain in the British army was shot on a steamboat on the upper Missouri, by one of the boat sentinels, who, hearing the captain crossing the upper deck late at night, "thought he might be an Ingen," and shot him without challenge.

A little girl, whose parents live in Fairmount, Westchester county, while attempting to take a kettle of hot water from the stove, upset the kettle, and the boiling water coming down over her head and shoulders, she was scalded to death.

An unknown man fell asleep on the railroad track in Jersey City, on Friday night of last week, and was run over by a locomotive, which crushed and mangled his body in a most shocking manner, and killed him instantly.

The Delaware people are talking stunningly as to their expected peach crop this season. Kent county alone undertakes to furnish 800,000 baskets, and the entire State claims a yield of over four millions of baskets.

Some of the Louisiana planters complain that their corn-fields are being devastated by bears. It seems that bruin has a fine tooth for good roasting ears, although he has not yet learned the art of cooking them.

Eight millions of dollars is the sum which it is alleged the government has been defrauded of by distillers in New York and Brooklyn, aided by United States revenue officers, within the six months last past.

The principal topic of discussion in the legislature of Connecticut is *divorce*.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1867.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former* as well as his present address.

FACES OF THE TWILIGHT.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Multitudinous faces shine upon me to-night from out the tranquil paradise of an unforgotten past. Lost, but remembered fondly.

All these faces are transfigured with the beauty of a love that is not of the earth, earthy, but the quintessence of heaven—the atmosphere that breathes around our God!

Some of these faces are solemn and bright, like the stars of the morning, unreal in the distance of Eternity. Some are the faces of twin-spirits, who were early called away to drink of the pure waters of Everlasting Life. THEY are near and bright evermore, like the faces of the fireside, that gladden our daily toils and smile away from our weary thoughts the fever-pang of care.

Others flash upon our vision, and are gone; yet the momentary presence of their glory leaves behind with memory a lingering, sacred joy. As the sinking torch of Hesper trails through heaven a rosy light that glows with mystic brightness, when his shining face is hid in the westward-sloping pathway of his silver-sister spheres.

And this one! radiant with the abiding tenderness, even the sorrowful waves of the Dark River could not wash away! So victorious over the dust and ashes of the lonely grave! So shadowless and pure—with a summer of steadfast sunshine in its holiest of eyes,—this is the smiling Angel of our Sister!

Ever she stoops toward us, her dear ones, with the light of God upon her perfect brows. Smiling down upon us, out of the arch-heavens, —overleaning the jasper walls of the fair city, to talk with us in the melodious language of the sons of light, till the infinitude of her golden hair falls down the steeps of heaven and mingles with the splendor of the stars.

Kindled with the thrilling glory of her imagined presence, we, with purer hearts, remember the sanctity of womanhood,—of which her spotless life was but the dewy blossoming.

Living for love and sacrifice is the heritage of woman. There is no dizzy peak of joy, nor farthest flight of wild, ambitious dreaming, her yearning love, her winged faith and aspirations will not dare, for his dear sake who claims her fond allegiance and her worship. But for him her dreams, her faiths, her aspirations are all kingly. And to her there opens no sublimer field of battle than the arena of man's heart. And therein her innate tenderness, her exquisite purity, her illimitable powers of loving, and self-abnegation, like steadfast angels, strong to baffle the evil with the good, war nobly with man's unsanctified passions, and win a silent victory!

Crowned with her perfect love, robed with the spotless miniver and royal purple of chivalrous virtues and exalted heroism—grand attributes wherewith her partial fancy and enduring faith endow him—sceptred with sublime dominion over her lightest will, he reigns in her loyal soul with undisputed sway king of the radiant Fairyland of her impassioned dreams—Lord and high-priest in the white temple of her thoughts.

Curl not your bearded lips in scorn of her gentle teachings, oh ye strong, dark men—ye demigods of labor! ye, with thews and sinews of steel, mighty in war and triumph! ye, whose masterful right arm toils at the forge of Science, or drives the shining ploughshare of Knowledge and Discovery through fields of future harvest. Ye, who laugh at sore defeat and baffling hate, and with set lips and grim, defiant will, grapple the hydra of opposing circumstance, and wring a hard-won victory from the niggard hands of Fate. All your foreheads, be they grim with sweat and labor, or royal with the flush of conquered bays, are holy with the kiss of womanhood!

With the deep, spiritual eyes that one day shall see God, look inward! The sacred kiss your mother left upon your baby-brow when first you saw the light and drew in with the first faint inspiration the soul that cannot die—that kiss among the bright memorials of God is cherished still, a solemn seal set on your immortality! Her tender blessing, whispered low on earth, but audible in Heaven, clings to you still, a strong shield of protection in life's unpausing battle. Wrestle nobly with the enslaving world, wield a good sword with an unflinching courage, for Truth's and Justice's sake—but keep your mother's blessing and her kiss—(the lips that gave them are under the snow perhaps)—as sacredly inviolate as the Archangel keeps the broad seal of the universe!

And while the fitful sunset radiance dies, and the cool gray silence of the twilight falls around us, the phantom-faces brighten for a moment, then fall and fade, and then resolve themselves into a sadder twilight—the memory of lost but unforgotten things.

And so, because our hearts are tender with remembrance, and thrilling yet to the touch of their vanished hands and the tones of their dim-heard whispers, we open our secret caskets and gaze, through a mist of tears, upon the reliques they have left us. Here a ring, worn to a thread of gold; there, a picture, the shadow of faded loveliness; and this is a flower SHE wore—and this the rosy ribbon that bound her yellow hair. Her yellow hair! Tawny as Topaz wine—the priceless Vin D'or—that hides for a hundred years its shifting, golden fires deep in the sombre hush and gloom of cavernous vaults and arches under the dark foundations of some grim and mouldering feudal castle; gathering the ardor and perfumes of a hundred blushing summers, till, in its glowing heart, their sunshine and their ripeness, transmuted by strange alchemy, become a sweet aroma, whose rare spirit haunts the empty cup when the revellers are forgotten.

I lift it to my lips, the shining web of softness. Instinct with a strange vitality, whose touch is almost human, it clings about my trembling hands, and drops in ring and coil, with sultry shadows, and glints of red barbaric gold.

And this: a shadowy fragrance—subtle, elusive as the first faint sigh of Spring through piney woods—exhales from its silken gloss—this braid of dead-brown gold. A vision of a pale young face, with solemn, spiritual gray eyes, and tremulous red mouth, rises from out the silence of the room, and smiles on me with gentle, serious sweetness; then slowly fades, as with a reverent hand I lay it softly by.

A breath of some divinest summer—the soul of some mysterious flower, that bloomed and perished long ago—floats dimly from the meshes of this tress—a dark, uncurling length of a dead woman's hair. Out from the dusky brightness of the wavering fire-light her fair face looks, touched with a wandering gleam of sunnier days. Rosy lips, curved in a tender smile; dewy eyes, of dark, unchanging blue—slender hands, and brows of sculptured snow. Her trailing robes of soft, diaphanous white, fall to her dainty feet, and shimmer through the gloom like sea-foam glistening on the rocks. Her bridal-robes—they stir and rustle in the deepening night, lit at the wrists and throat by the cold fire of emeralds and the chill white frost of pearls. It is the very midnight of black hair—massive in its purplish darkness, as the shadows of a forest of the Tropics, with gleams of fitful moon-light silvering its mysterious summits.

The quivering flame dies out upon the hearth, and only the red glow of embers lights the lonely room. A subtle thrill of mingled awe and pain shoots its icy arrows through my blood, as the dim air softly stirs as with an unseen presence that reaches from the darkness and lays an impalpable hand upon my own.

Ah me! these shining keepsakes—these curls of gold and brown! shorn from some graceful head that long since dropped in rest upon the cold, white pillows of the grave, or from the brow of some far-wandering friend, whose friendship lives but in remembrance now.

Watever suns have kissed its sister-curls—whatever dews have gleamed amid their brightness—or what beloved lips have touched their changeful gold I cannot know. I only ask of Heaven, its tender grace go with her!

And now the lamp-light fades—the fire drops low—Good-night!

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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS: ALSO TO WIVES AND CHILDREN.

It is right that maltreated dumb creatures should have their wrongs avenged, and the society organized for the purpose of protecting them and bringing their tormentors to grief, deserves the countenance and encouragement of the public. The man who wantonly misuses a horse, or a dog, or any other animal, is *prima facie* a brute, and should be punished for his brutality. But when it comes to depriving the anaconda of his dinner of live Spring chicken, or rabbit, we hardly know what to say. Protest has been made in London against serving caged reptiles of the constrictor species with animated rations, and the protest has been repeated here; but it should be considered that if not allowed to butcher for themselves, they decline as persistently as if they were strait-laced Hebrews, to eat meat at all. Moreover, it is quite certain that in their native jungle they would have foraged on live stock. What then can be done? Would it be right, on the plea of humanity, to reduce the menagerie anaconda to the suicidal necessity of swallowing his own blanket in order to save from his clutches the fowl or rabbit which is sure to be killed under any circumstances? It is a nice case—susceptible of a world of moral illustration—and we leave its decision to the eminent philanthropists who have taken it in hand, feeling assured that equal and exact justice will be done to both sides, and not caring particularly which whips.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to suggest in this connexion, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should extend the sphere of its labors so as to include a few classes of ill-used bipeds—such as children who are mercilessly whipped and starved by their brutal parents; poor sewing girls who are swindled out of their hard earnings by soulless employers; broken-spirited wives who are habitually cuffed and kicked by drunken husbands, and the like. Nobody interferes to prevent such cruelties as these; and except in a few flagrant cases that *force* themselves upon the attention of the authorities, they are perpetrated with entire impunity. We submit that a cudgelled woman, or a flayed and starved child, or a seamstress swindled out of her daily bread, deserves commiseration as much as a horse with a sore back, or a leveret in a boa's cage.

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FLIRTATION AND FLIRTS.

It is possible of course to flirt in cities. Ladies who have the propensity strong upon them will enact the coquette any where; but there is a certain matter-of-factness about town life that is unfavorable to the false romance of a flirtation. Your real Cupid can make himself at home in the dust and roar of a metropolis; but his bogus double, who is intrinsically no more like the genuine son of Venus than a porcelain doll is like an authentic baby, and whose arrows tickle but do not stick, plays his little game most effectively in the summer camping-grounds of fashion. The bards have furnished an assortment of delicious phrases appropriate to all kinds of romantic scenery, from which people who have a taste for playing at love can select at will. Lavender kid becomes Byronic at the Notch, or Bulwerish by the Lake side; and Flora McFlimsey, fresh from the millineries of Gotham, is almost Sapphic by the sea-shore. Flirting is a delightful amusement, no doubt, but it ought to be confined exclusively to ladies and gentlemen who have no hearts to lose. It is a sad thing for an earnest man to be caught in the toils of a practised jilt. When he wakes up to a sense of the trick that has been put upon him and finds that the eyes which seemed to "look love" a thousand times were mere *ignes fatui* used to lead him into a false position, he is apt to judge of the whole sex by the specimen that has beguiled him, and take it for granted that there is no truth in woman. But if a *man* thus deceived and played upon deserves our sympathy, and his fair temptress our scorn, what shall we say of the confiding *woman* who has thus been humbugged and compromised in the eyes of society, and of the male jilt who has sported with her affections. Her lady companions, one and all, ought to make common cause with her and turn their backs upon the wretch who has trifled with her heart. But, alas! in most cases of the kind they do exactly the reverse. They are but too apt to sneer at their forsaken sister and patronize the coxcomb who has gratified his miserable vanity at her expense. Flirts of both sexes are thoroughly contemptible; but, as long as lady-killers are popular with the women, and coquettes are run after by the men, there is no likelihood of the nuisances being abated.

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HORACE GREELEY'S OWN LIFE.

Written by Himself for the New York Ledger.

We have, as our readers are aware, published eleven of the articles by the College Presidents. The twelfth, and the last of the series, will appear in our next issue. In the following number we shall give the first installment of the

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE HON. HORACE GREELEY,

which Mr. Greeley is now writing expressly for the *Ledger*. The title of it is—

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

It will appear in successive issues of the *Ledger*. The first installment of it is now in type; but we shall not commence its publication until after the completion of the articles by the Twelve Presidents.

A MILLIONAIRE IN THE RANKS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

No army, I suppose, ever contained such a variety of characters and conditions as that of the United States during the late war. There were men in it of almost every race and color; men of every rank—from French princes lineally descended from Henry IV. to the plantation-slave; men of every degree of moral worth and unworthiness—from the patriot-hero giving his life for his country to the plundering "bounty-jumper," who has since found a suitable home in a state's-prison. Among other characters, the strangest, perhaps, was a private-soldier who possessed an income of two hundred thousand dollars a year. Upon the staffs of major-generals and at the head of regiments there were several millionaires and sons of millionaires; but the gentleman of whom we speak, Elias Howe, Jr., —the inventor of the sewing-machine—served in the *ranks* of the Seventeenth Connecticut, and refused every offer of a commission, alleging as a reason that he was ignorant of military affairs and could render no effective service to his country except as a private. Having had occasion recently to gather information respecting the origin and progress of the sewing-machine, I heard the story of Mr. Howe's enlistment and service from the officers of his regiment, and now avail myself of the inventor's absence from the country to repeat it to the readers of the *Ledger*.

He enlisted in July, 1862—the second year of the war. The country, as we all remember, had put forth prodigious efforts to repair the calamity of Bull Run. An immense army had been assembled on the banks of the Potomac, which, after a long winter spent in organizing and drilling it, had been swiftly conveyed to Virginia and successfully landed near Yorktown. That proved to be the end of its success. Stopped for a month at Yorktown, until Richmond was ready to withstand it, that mighty host of devoted men came within sight of the steeples of the Confederate capital; whence, after a succession of mishaps, reverses, and defeats, it was driven back to the James, and was soon after ordered back to its old position on the Potomac. Nothing in the history of the war seems to me so remarkable as the high spirit and unshaken resolution of the people after disasters so terrible, so unexpected, and so peculiarly calculated to dishearten a nation unused to war.

It was July, 1862. The army was still on the James, protected by the gunboats of the navy. A new levy of troops was ordered. Until this time, men had not hung back, and new regiments had come in about as fast as they could be equipped. But, in July of this year, when the ripening harvest called farmers to their fields, and the tidings of defeat gave pause to those inclined to enlist, the forming regiments filled slowly, and there were vague rumors in the air of a possible draft. Then it was that it occurred to some gentlemen of Bridgeport, Connecticut, to raise a *county* regiment, the several companies of which should be composed of friends and neighbors. It was an excellent and fruitful thought. The sanction of Governor Buckingham was obtained, and a public meeting was called for July 17th, to begin the work.

The public anxiety as well as the patriotism of the people of Bridgeport caused this to be one of the largest and most earnest ever held in the town. Mr. Howe attended it, and sat up on the platform as one of the vice-presidents. When the meeting had been organized, it was addressed by several speakers, who raised the enthusiasm of the crowd to the highest point. Money was liberally subscribed for the expenses of the proposed regiment—Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson heading the list with five thousand dollars, and Elias Howe following with one thousand. The whole sum raised was twenty-five thousand dollars. This was encouraging, and it was then to be seen how the citizens of Bridgeport would respond to the call for services more perilous and more necessary than the subscribing of money.

When the time came for inviting men to enlist, Mr. Howe—to the astonishment of his friends, for he had never before addressed a public meeting—rose to his feet, and spoke somewhat as follows:

"At such a time as this every man is called upon to do what he can for his country. I don't know what I can do unless it is to enlist and serve as a private in the Union army. I want no position. In fact, I know nothing of military matters; but I am willing to learn and to do what I can with a musket. At any rate, I mean to go. I have in my hand a piece of paper for the names of those who wish to enlist to-night, and my name is at the head of it."

With these words, he laid the paper upon the chairman's table. The excitement produced by this announcement can neither be imagined nor described. Mr. Howe was known to every person present as one of the wealthiest men in the State, whose residence at Iranistan was as pleasant and attractive a scene as could anywhere be found; and to exchange this for the privations of a camp seemed to the audience, as it *was*, a most remarkable evidence of patriotic principle. Cheer upon cheer expressed and relieved the feelings of the excited multitude.

The next incident that occurred was one in which the comic and the pathetic were blended. The coachman who had driven Mr. Howe's carriage that evening, attracted by the continual cheers within the hall, had hired a boy to hold his horses, and had entered the building to witness the proceedings. He was a warm-hearted Irishman, named Michael Cahill, past the age of military service as defined by law. Upon hearing his employer's speech, he rushed forward, and, clambering upon the platform, cried out:

"Put down my name too! I can't bear to have the old man go alone."

So down went the name of Michael Cahill, coachman, next to that of Elias Howe. Laughter and cheers, mingled in about equal proportions, followed the announcement of "Mike's" intention. Other names now came in with great rapidity. A large number of men were obtained that night, and such zeal and enthusiasm were created in the county by the events of the evening that in twenty days the Seventeenth Connecticut had upon its rolls the names of one thousand men. It was commanded by Colonel H. H. Noble, one of the leading lawyers of Bridgeport.

A difficulty arose when Mr. Howe had to be examined by the surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Hubbard. All his life the inventer of the sewing-machine has been troubled with an hereditary lameness. Indeed, it was owing to the extreme fatigue which his daily labor as a journeyman machinist caused him, in consequence of this lameness, that he set about inventing something by which he hoped to earn his living less laboriously. The probability is, that if Elias Howe had had two good legs, he would never have invented the sewing-machine. When Dr. Hubbard hesitated about accepting him, and told him that he could not march:

"No matter," said the inventor, "you *must* pass me. I am *going*!"

Both the officers and men of the regiment soon discovered that to have a man in a regiment who is both rich and generous is extremely convenient. To some of the field-officers he gave horses from his stable, and to others he lent them; and whenever there was delay or difficulty in procuring an article necessary for the regiment's speedy departure, his purse was always open to supply the deficiency. Early in September, the regiment started on its way toward the seat of war, and went into camp near Baltimore.

When the camp was organized and the regiment entered upon its routine duties, Mr. Howe discovered that the doctor was right; he could not march with a musket in his hand, even to the extent of standing sentry. But determined to be of service, he volunteered to serve the regiment as its postmaster, messenger and expressman. Sending home for a suitable horse and wagon, he drove into Baltimore twice every day, and brought to the camp the letters and parcels for the regiment, which he distributed from his own tent with his own hands. He served, in skort, as the father of the regiment. Going home, occasionally, to Bridgeport, where he was then building a large factory, he always gave notice of his intention, and made his journey with a small cargo of letters and bundles for the families of his comrades, and took unwearied pains in performing every commission intrusted to him. As one of the officers said to me, "he would run half over the State to deliver a letter to some lonely mother anxious for her soldier boy, or bring back to him in the camp a favorite pair of boots which he needed during the rainy winter of Maryland."

I once heard Mr. Howe relate a curious anecdote of one of these journeys. He was sitting in the cars, behind two wild secessionists, who were conversing eagerly about the war. One of them said to the other:

"Yes, sir! the whole thing was got up for the purpose of giving fat contracts to the d—d abolitionists. There's old Howe, the sewing-machine man, worth his millions; they have actually given *him* the contract for carrying the mail to the army."

"You don't say so," said the other.

"'Tis a fact," rejoined his friend. "I saw Howe myself riding in one of the mail-carts yesterday."

Mr. Howe smiled, but said nothing.

Another story of his warlike experience is related by Colonel Stephen A. Walker, paymaster of the division to which Mr. Howe's regiment belonged.

For four months after the Seventeenth Connecticut entered the field, the government was so pressed for money that no payments to the troops could be made, and, consequently, there was great suffering among the families of the soldiers, and a still more painful anxiety suffered by the men themselves. One day, a private soldier came quietly into the paymaster's office in Washington, and, as there were several officers already there to be attended to, he took his seat in a corner, to wait his turn. When the officers had been disposed of, Colonel Walker turned to him and said:

"Now, my man, what can I do for you?"

"I have called," said the soldier, "to see about the payment of the Seventeenth Connecticut."

The paymaster, a little irritated by what he supposed a needless and impertinent interruption, told him, somewhat bluntly, "that a paymaster could do nothing without money, and that until the government could furnish some, it was useless for soldiers to come bothering *him* about the pay of their regiments."

"I know," said the soldier, "the government is in straits, and I have called to find out how much money it will take to give my regiment two months' pay, and if you will tell me, I am ready to furnish the amount."

The officer stared with astonishment, and asked the name of the soldier, who was no other than Elias Howe. On referring to his books, Colonel Walker found that the sum required was thirty-one thousand dollars. Upon receiving the information, the private wrote a draft for the sum, and received in return a memorandum certifying the advance, and promising reimbursement when the government could furnish the money.

Two or three days after, at Fairfax Court-House, the regiment was paid, and there were a thousand happy men in camp. When Mr. Howe's name was called, he went up to the paymaster's desk, received twenty-eight dollars and sixty cents of his own money, and signed the receipt therefor, "Private Elias Howe, Jr." We can not be surprised at some of the officers of neighboring regiments sending over to inquire if they could "borrow" this private for a while from the Seventeenth Connecticut.

During the winter Mr. Howe was twice prostrated by sickness; first by dysentery, and afterwards by fever. It was proposed to convey him to the officers' hospital; but he insisted on being taken to the hospital of the privates, and to be treated in all respects as a private soldier. There was no difference, however, in essential points, between the hospitals for officers and those for private soldiers.

When the spring came, and the regiment was about to enter upon active service and to make long marches, it became clear to Mr. Howe that he could be nothing but an encumbrance, and, therefore, after rendering all the service which a man in his physical condition could render, he reluctantly asked a discharge and returned home. He used to say to the soldiers:

"I've got to leave you, boys. I'm of no use here; but never mind; when your time is out, come to me at Bridgeport. I'm building a large sewing-machine factory there, and I shall have plenty of work for those who want it."

Many of his comrades took him at his word, and are now at work under him in various capacities. Honest "Mike," after faithfully serving out his term, went to his old home, and has advanced from driving Mr. Howe's carriage to driving his own horse and cart, which he is still doing.

Mr. Howe's enlistment to serve in the ranks of the army was due to a genuine patriotic impulse. An officer of his regiment related to me a conversation which he had with him one gloomy day in camp, when bad news was coming in from the West.

"Well," said the officer, "what do you think the trash we call our property will be worth when this is all over?"

"So that this thing is settled *right*," said Mr. Howe, "I don't care a copper. As for me, give me three acres of land, and I can earn my living upon it, and that's all I want."

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THE BEGINNINGS AND THE ENDS OF "FIRST FAMILIES."

Distinguished families, like nations—to use the words of Mr. Gibbon and Silas Wegg—"decline and fall." They seldom, however, fall below the "base line" of their own antecedents. When they end in dregs we have only to look back far enough to find that they commenced in scum—the beginning and the end being alike "trash," with a little of the "Salt of Earth" sprinkled between. Serving men, liberated jail-birds and what not, who went over to England with the Norman invader, became in due time the founders of many a "noble house," and many a "noble house" founded in this fashion has since been resolved, so to speak, into its original elements. Blood, like water, has a natural tendency to find its own level. Look, for instance, at the Plantagenets—a regal race whose genealogical tree, though originally rooted in a ditch, flourished for centuries. Well, the two latest descendants of that "line of kings" were a cobbler and a grave-digger. Two lineal descendants of the sixth son of Edward the First followed respectively the honest callings of butcher and toll-gatherer—very appropriate occupations, by the way, for sprigs of royalty. The illustrious house of Percy in one instance took to trunk-making, and a cousin of James the Sixth solicited alms in the streets of Edinburgh. Sir Samuel Norwich, whose remote paternal ancestor Simon de Norwich was a great Norman chief, sawed wood for a living, and his son is now in this country, we believe, making money and "founding a family" for himself.

So we go. Ancient genealogical trees are continually crumbling to pieces and a new growth springing up from the ruins. What matters it? since one day or other we must all reach the same *dead* level.

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A BROAD HINT TO NEW HAVEN.

MY DEAR LEDGER: I have had about as much pleasure crowded into my life since I left New York, as a mortal could well bear. Without abating one jot of my *mountain*-worship, I am magnetized over again by my old love—Lake Champlain. I can never tell you what a trance of delight was our lovely sail upon it to St. Albans. They who are in a hurry are welcome to take to the dusty, deafening, whizzing railroad cars; but for me, a seat on the nice, cleanly deck of a Lake Champlain boat, gliding past lovely wooded shores on either side, listening to the cool plash of the waves as they dash against them, and the sweet song of the birds as they come faintly to our ears; after weeks of hurry and fret, to pass from city entanglements and cares to this, was like the soothing caress of a dear hand on fevered temples. Ah! I am all right when I get with Nature—*she* has only words of peace for me. They who like may sit beside me reading the regulation-novel, or any other book, indeed, while the boat glides along; or they may retire stolidly to their state-room and doze the charmed hours away. Every moment to me is precious; every ripple on the lake, every shadow on the mountain side, every cloud on the sky. So I rather owed St. Albans a grudge, when that city abruptly put a stop to my nice dreams. Since, I have spent four days there, and I take it all back. I shake hands with her as though I had known her four years instead of four days. To breathe her air is like tasting rare wine. To gaze upon her glory of lake and mountain at sunrise and sunset, and mid-day, is to pray. How anybody manages in such a pure atmosphere to be sick or die, astonishes me. I pity the doctor who settles in that region, expecting to thrive by tombstones.

All hail to the St. Albanians for the example they have set New Haven in erecting a monster depot, airy, cleanly, substantial and handsome, for the benefit of the thousands of travellers whom it so comfortably shelters and welcomes. After perspiring in the close, dirty *sheds*, miscalled "depots," up and down in the land, one may be permitted a passing tribute to the model depot of St. Albans. It is a letter of introduction. Stepping from the cars into such a depot, one is sure of a hotel in the place, where can be found Christian beds, a sumptuous bill of fare, and civil treatment, all of which promises made by that imposing depot were fulfilled to the letter in our case. But I want St. Albans, before I come again, to plant shade trees on either side of *all* its principal streets. I want to see some flowers, too, around its houses, although if ever the absence of flowers might be forgotten, it is in a country possessing such grand lake and mountain scenery.

New York is to be well represented at St. Albans this summer. Where can you go where this is *not* the case? I found it so years ago, even at the head of Lake Superior, where I thought to see only wolves and Indians. It is not my intention to go abroad till I have seen something of my own dear land, though perish the thought that in *any* case I should ever admit that another was lovelier or better! Come up here and join us, dear *Ledger*, and see what a big parish you have, *outside* as well as *inside* of New York.

FANNY FERN.

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"When Doctors Disagree," hear Both Sides.

TAMAQUA, PA., *July 11th*, 1867.

ROBERT BONNER, ESQ.—DEAR SIR: In the *Ledger* of July 20th, I notice an article over the signature of M. H., criticising Mr. Parton's sketch of Hahnemann, the founder of the Homeopathic system of Medicine. With your permission, I would like to make a short reply to the author of the article alluded to, hoping you will extend the same courtesy to me that you have extended to him.

Your correspondent betrays his ignorance of Homeopathy and Homeopathic literature, when he confesses his ignorance of the proper spelling of Hahnemann's name. How can any one who has never even read any of the productions of the founder of Homeopathy "join issue" with Mr. Parton, and contradict the discoveries of Hahnemann? The substance with which the first experiments were conducted, which led to the discovery of the law of the similars, was not quinine, but *Peruvian bark*; and furthermore, Hahnemann in all his writings never asserts that it produced *intermittent fever*, but that in healthy persons it gave rise to *symptoms resembling that disease*. Of the truth of this statement I have been convinced by experiments on my own person.

As for the pernicious effects of "bleeding, blistering and mercury," Mr. Parton exaggerates nothing. It is a fact, patent to every one who has paid attention to the history of medicine, and is at all familiar with the effects of those "potent" agents, that the enormous quantities in which they were formerly prescribed must in the nature of things have proved fatal *in many instances*.

The name *Allopathy*, which M. H. considers as having "no application to the practices and teachings of regular medicine," was given by Hahnemann to the opponents of his system mainly for the reason that at that time the principles of "regular medicine" were most emphatically in keeping with that term. Whatever subsequent changes those doctrines have undergone are in a great measure justly ascribed to the teachings of that very man, *Hahnemann*, who was persecuted and driven from one place to another by the spirit of intolerance which pervaded those who claimed to be the "legitimate" practitioners of medicine at that time. It was the same spirit which induced them to traduce Harvey as an *innovator* when he made known his discovery of the circulation of the blood, and the immortal Jenner as a *murderer* when he introduced vaccination as a preventive to small pox.

In concluding, M. H. asserts that the Homeopathic profession of the present day do not follow the teachings of Hahnemann, and that they make use of the deadliest poisons, and that therefore their prescriptions are infinitesimal in appearance only. I can only say that this is a slander, and has no foundation in fact. The doctrines of the master are strictly followed by all true Homeopaths of modern times. It is a universally acceded fact among Homeopathic physicians, that their success in treating disease is commensurate with the sincerity with which they follow the practical rules of Hahnemann.

Mr. Parton's sketch of Hahnemann is an admirable one, as all his sketches are. He has paid a just tribute to a much abused man, and his effort in behalf of truth will be appreciated by a large proportion of his many intelligent readers.

Respectfully, C. B. D.

◆

"Our Great American Horses."

Under the above title an enterprise has been set on foot which, if well carried out, must afford much gratification to the lovers of fine horses. The plan is to publish large chromo-lithographs of from twenty-five to thirty of the most famous horses that have ever made their mark in America. It is intended to make the pictures the finest things of the kind ever issued, and each lithograph will be accompanied by a history of the horse represented. The first of the series has been issued by William Smith, of No. 50 Greene street, the originator of the enterprise. It is a life-like picture of Hambletonian, the famous Orange-county horse, and is pronounced a great success by the most critical judges. The sketch accompanying the picture embodies a mass of interesting information concerning Hambletonian and his lineage, and will no doubt be highly prized by those who like to be thoroughly "posted" on such matters. We hope that this enterprise will receive such patronage as may ensure its success.

THE YOUTH AND THE SAGE.

BY NATHAN UPHAM.

A thoughtful Arab sage, whose shrivelled face
And crooked form betokened length of days,
Upon a lagging horse, with halting pace,
Was journeying o'er the desert's arid ways,
And, deep in meditation, gave no heed
To one who dashed along on snow-white steed.

"Hail father!" cried the youth, "where journeyest thou?
Perchance our routes not undivided lie!
'Tis good to see again thy thoughtful brow;
And from thy teaching lips and searching eye,
Discern the foibles and the charms of youth;
And feel the while thy every word is truth!"

As on they rode, the youthful with the old,
The tall young chieftain and the hunchback-sage,
Full many a tale, replete with worth, was told,
Full many a quaint remark, from youth or age;
And thus discoursing, on their toilsome way,
The desert bloomed with wisdom all the day.

The old man, pondering long upon the theme
He knew was nearest to the chieftain's heart,
And hoping to direct his youthful dream,
To realms whence homely truths he could impart,
At last began by speaking of the grace
Of form erect—of brave and comely face.

And where he saw improvement in the mind,
Or probed the heart and found a well-spring there,
He gave the meed, desired; but still inclined
To praise, where praise was due, with prudent care;
Meanwhile the mettled steed, well skilled in voice,
Kept, with the lame, true step, his master's choice!

The old man sadly said—"But by and by,
It well beseemeth me, thy *faults* to name!"
Just then the chieftain turned his eager eye,
And placed a hand upon the flowing main;
His faultless steed pricks up his ready ears,
Awaiting but the word he gladly hears.

"Ah, friend!" the young man said, "by yonder green,
Which brightens with its hue the sandy plain,
The flapping of my father's tents is seen,
And he, impatient, waits his son again;
So I must haste to meet him, ere the sun
Proclaims, descending, this day's labor done!"

He spake the word—his courser knew the tone—
The old and lame—he left them far behind!
His master's wishes ever were his own,
And on he flew swift as the dreaded wind!
The sage jogged on and mused the while he rode—
"Who *faults* would tell, rides on a lonely road!"

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXIX.

ALEXANDER'S EXPERIENCE.

Words of fire and words of scorn
I have written—let them go!
Words of hate—heart-broken, torn
With this strong and sudden woe.
All my scorn, she could not doubt,
Was but love, turned inside out.
OWEN MEREDITH.

"Alick, are you mad? Think what you do!"

Alick turned quickly and faced Dick Hammond, whose hand had touched his shoulder.

"Mr. Hammond, you here? By what right, sir, do you dare——"

"By the right of kinship. Come, come, Alick, your father and my mother were brother and sister. We are first-cousins and old playmates, Alick. We have been rivals, but are so no longer. We need not be enemies. Let us be friends, Alick," said Dick, frankly holding out his hand.

"And do you begin your overtures of friendship by dogging my footsteps and spying my actions?" demanded Alexander, putting his hands behind him.

"Nonsense—no!"

"Why are you here then, sir? your party have gone home."

"Our carriage was full. I lingered behind to call a hansom for myself, and so became an accidental witness to your challenge of Prince Ernest," said Dick, good-humoredly.

The name of his imaginary rival sent Alexander off into another fit of frenzy.

"Yes, I have challenged the diabolical villain, and, by my life, I will meet him!" he exclaimed, grinding out the words between his set teeth and livid lips.

Mr. Hammond knew that to argue with him then and there upon the subject of the intended duel would be as useless as to reason with a lunatic. Yet, in a few hours, he hoped he might be able to bring him to his senses.

So, laying his hand kindly upon the demoniac's arm, he said:

"Alick, go home with me, or permit me to go home with you while we talk this matter over."

"No!" exclaimed the madman, violently, throwing off the friendly grasp. "Leave me to myself—I advise you to do so!"

"Alick, I dare not leave you, in your present state of mind. Even if we were not cousins, we are still countrymen! Consider me your sincere friend, and take me with you in this crisis of your affairs," pleaded Dick again, gently essaying to restrain the infuriated man.

"No! leave me alone, I say, Hammond! for your own good, take care of yourself and don't interfere with a desperate man!" cried Alexander, breaking loose.

A hansom-cab was passing at the moment.

"Cab!" cried Alexander, seeing that it was empty.

The hansom pulled up, and Alexander threw himself into it, and was gone before Dick could prevent him.

"I must get another, and follow him if possible," said Mr. Hammond, making the best of his way to the nearest cab-stand.

Meanwhile, General Lyon, Anna, and Drusilla returned to their lodgings.

General Lyon, after a few moments of gay bantering of Drusilla upon her social triumphs of the evening, went to rest.

Drusilla, as soon as she was free, hurried to her own room, to look after her little son.

Lenny was sleeping very quietly in his crib, beside his mother's bed; although, indeed, as the first beams of the morning sun were now glinting through the crevices of the window-blinds, it was almost time for Master Lenny to wake up for his morning bath and airing.

And now what did the queen of the ball do?

Tearing off her jewelled wreath of spring-flowers, and throwing aside her gems, she cast herself down upon her child's bed and burst into a passion of tears, and wept and sobbed as if her heart would break.

It was not her sobs or tears that awakened little Lenny. They were too silent even in their vehemence to disturb the child's serene rest. It was probably his hour to wake. He opened his eyes, and, seeing his mother in so much grief, and believing from his brief experience that nothing but his own naughtiness ever grieved "Doosa," he put his arms around her neck, and said:

"Don't ky, Doosa—don't ky! 'deed Lenny be dood boy!"

"Oh, Lenny, Lenny! love me, or my heart will break!" she cried, gathering the child to her bosom and pressing him there.

"Lenny do love—don't ky! 'deed Lenny be dood boy—'deed Lenny will!" said the child, kissing and hugging her fondly.

"My darling child, you are the only comfort I have in the world," she sobbed, as she squeezed him to her bosom and covered him with kisses.

"Hey day! There, I knew it! and that is the reason I came in," said a voice in the open doorway.

Drusilla looked up and saw Anna standing there.

"I was on my way to my own room, but found your door ajar, so I took the liberty to look in," said Mrs. Hammond.

"Come in, dear Anna. But I should think you would be tired enough to hurry off to bed."

"No, not yet; I haven't got over the excitement of witnessing your success, Drusa. And I have so much to say about it before I can sleep. And besides Dick hasn't got in yet."

"Are you uneasy about him, Anna?" sympathetically inquired Drusilla.

"Not at all. I suppose he hasn't been able to pick up a cab and has perhaps started to walk home. Uneasy? No indeed! what is to hurt him in broad daylight? But, Drusilla, you have been crying! You have been crying hard! Now was it ever heard that the belle of the evening came home from her triumphs and cried?" said Mrs. Hammond, sitting down beside her friend.

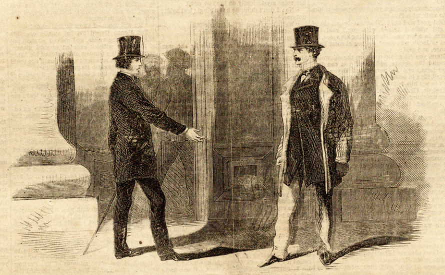
"Oh, Anna! Anna! Oh, Anna! Anna! if you knew how little my heart was in it all! What *could* I care for all those strange people—I who only longed to be reconciled with my Alick!" she answered, bursting into a torrent of tears.

"He was there," said Anna, quietly.

"Do I not know it? He was there all the evening. He was near me many times. I felt that he was, though I did not see him; for oh, Anna, I was afraid to look towards him and meet again that cold and cutting gaze that almost slew me in the Tower!"

"Don't ky, Doosa! Pease don't ky. Deed Lenny be dood boy. Let Lenny wipe eye," said the child, taking up the edge of his night-gown and trying to dry his mother's tears.

"My darling, you *are* good, and I won't cry to distress you, poor little soul. I should have died long ago if it hadn't been for you, my little angel. There, Doosa has done crying now," she said, wiping her eyes and smiling on the child.



DICK'S ATTEMPT TO PACIFICATE ALEXANDER.

"Drusa, my dear, you were very brilliant last evening; not only beautiful, but brilliant. I really thought you enjoyed queening it in society. You laughed and talked and danced the whole evening. I should never have suspected you of playing a part."

"Oh, Anna! I was not exactly playing a part either. Oh, Anna, you have heard how the timid Chinese sound a gong and make a terrible noise to drown their own fears and to dismay their foes when they go into battle? Anna, it was much the same with me. I had to laugh and talk and dance and jest to deafen me to the cry in my heart, which was almost breaking all the while. Oh, Anna, he has ceased to love me now! I know it, he has entirely ceased to love me!"

"I don't feel so sure of that myself, Drusilla. If you were afraid to look at him, I was not. I saw him several times in the course of the evening; and whenever I saw him he was standing near you and following you with his eyes."

"He was? He was, Anna?" eagerly, breathlessly inquired the young wife.

"Indeed he was."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure. I watched him."

"Ah, but—perhaps he did so in hate or in anger," said Drusilla, with a sigh.

Anna was silent.

"Say! was it not in anger or in hate, Anna?"

"I thought it was in jealousy, and that you know is a sign of love."

"Oh, if I thought so! if I thought so! how quickly I would set all that jealousy at rest. How soon I would convince my Alick that I care for but him in this whole world!" she exclaimed, fervently clasping her hands.

"Indeed, Drusilla, I hope you would do nothing of the sort. He richly deserves to suffer."

"Oh, Anna! you don't like Alick," said Drusilla, reproachfully.

"Like him? No, *that* I don't! That's the gospel truth. But there is Dick, so good night, or rather good morning, my dear," said Mrs. Hammond, kissing her cousin on the brow and then leaving the room.

"Oh, if I could believe as Anna suggests, how quickly, how gladly I would set all my Alick's doubts at rest. But ah! it is not so. He has ceased to love me. I am sure of it now—sure of it!"

She struggled to keep back her tears, so as not to distress her child, who was still sitting on her lap and watching her countenance with eyes full of anxious sympathy.

As soon as Anna had left her, Drusilla rang for Pina, and with her maid's assistance changed her splendid evening dress for a cool white wrapper. Then, before lying down, she superintended little Lenny's morning bath and toilet, and saw him eat his simple breakfast and sent him out with his nurse for a walk.

Then at last she lay down to take an hour's rest, if not sleep, before joining the family at the late breakfast.

Meanwhile Anna hurried off to her own room. Anna was weary and drowsy, and with no heavy cares on her mind, was only anxious to find her pillow and go to sleep. But to rest was not to be Anna's good fortune that morning. She found Dick just come home, looking so haggard and harassed that his aspect terrified her into the suspicion that her "unlucky dog" had been so unfortunate as to meet with some of his friends.

"Dick! in the name of Heaven, what is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Matter? Nothing," answered Mr. Hammond, telling unscrupulously, and almost unconsciously, the regulation lie in such cases made and provided.

"Dick! when a man says there is nothing the matter, with such a look as that on his face, it is a sign there is so much the matter that he dares not confess it. Now, Dick, I will know," she said, going to him, laying her hands upon his shoulders and gazing steadfastly into his face.

"Well, Anna, what do you see?" he inquired, a little sadly, as he met her eyes.

"I see that you are quite sober, at least, poor soul; but oh, Dick! you unfortunate fellow, where have you been since we left you?"

"About town, Anna."

"About town! Oh, yes, exactly! About town! I know too well what that means. Oh, Dick! Dick! we ought never to bring you within sight of a town! We ought to keep you in the woods all the time. Now make a clean breast of it, Dick. Whom have you been with?"

"I happened to meet with an old friend down town," answered Dick, solemnly and a little maliciously.

"An old friend down town! Oh, precisely! I know what *that* means also! Dick! Dick! that proverb, 'Save me from my friends,' must have been written for you. Now out with it at once! How much has your friend, or set of friends, robbed you of this time?"

"Robbed me of, Anna?"

"Yes! robbed you of! You know what I mean. How much have you lost? A thousand pounds—ten thousand?"

"Anna, you think I have been gambling?"

"What else can I think, Dick? It breaks my heart to think it, though."

"Anna, dearest," said Dick, taking her hands from his shoulder and holding them in his own, while he sought her eyes, "Anna, did I not promise you before we were married, that after I should become your husband I would never touch cards or dice again? Answer me, Anna."

"Yes, Dick, you did, dear."

"And—bad as I was at my very worst, did you ever know me to break my pledged word?"

"No indeed, I never did, dear."

"And do you think I would begin by breaking it to my wife?" he asked, gazing sadly into her eyes.

"Oh, Dick, Dick, my darling, I beg your pardon! I do indeed!" she said, throwing her arms around him and kissing him with such an effusion of affection that it must have consoled him for her momentary injustice. "Oh, Dick, forgive me, love!"

"All right, Anna," he said, smiling and returning her caresses with interest. "I cannot blame you for doubting and fearing for me, until time shall prove how steadfastly I shall keep my pledge to you. I only wish it could be otherwise with you, and that for your own peace you could have full faith in me; but I know that this cannot yet be so, for it must be a part of my punishment for past follies still to inspire doubt of my future conduct." He spoke gravely and sadly, and the tears rushed to Anna's eyes as she answered him:

"Oh, Dick, darling, not so! I never doubted you before, and, after this, I *cannot* do so again. It was I who was the sinner, Dick, to doubt you at all, you dear, good, honest——"

—"Dog," added Dick, laughing; "for even an unlucky dog may still be an honest one. Yes, Anna," he added, after a pause, "I do think you may begin to trust me. We have been married about two years, and in all that time not only have I never touched cards or dice, but I have never even wished to do so. For your own peace of mind, try to trust me, my wife."

"I *do*, Dick! I do! It was only your look that alarmed me; and, as we were all safe at home here, I could not think of anything but your 'friends' that could happen to you. And, more than all, when I asked you what was the matter, you answered, 'nothing,' which, as I hinted before, always means, 'Nothing could be worse.'"

"Well, Anna, it really was 'nothing,' in one sense of the word; 'nothing,' or not much to us, that is."

"What was it, then?"

"Well, I suppose I may tell you without the risk of giving you any great pain. Alexander Lyon has gone mad with jealousy."

Anna at first looked startled, and then she burst into a hearty peal of laughter.

"I never saw a man out of Bedlam so frantic," continued Dick.

"I said so!" laughed Anna. "Who is he jealous of? You?"

"Of the whole world, I think!"

"I am very glad to hear it. I hope it will do him good."

"Yes, but he has challenged Prince Ernest of Hohenlinden," said Dick, solemnly.

Anna became very grave.

"And if he should not be prevented he will fight him."

"Fight a duel! Dick, do you know what you are saying? Are you in your senses?"

"I am. It is Alick who is mad."

"Fight a duel! What! in this age and in this country?"

"Yes, in this age and in this country, my dear! And I do not see, for my part, how it can be helped—I mean prevented—except by the police. I saw the whole thing, Anna. Just as your carriage drove off, Alick claps his hand upon the prince and charges him then and there with insulting a lady and stealing a bouquet. You should have seen Prince Ernest then. Talk about the Germans being phlegmatic! Though Prince Ernest is an Austrian, by the way. Why, Anna, he jumped two feet from the ground at the first charge, and vaulted four feet into the air at the second. If they are permitted to meet, he will eat Alick's head."

"A duel in England! and at this time of the world!"

"But you must remember that it is not to be between Englishmen, but between an Austrian and an American; and not, probably, in England; but upon some one of the little islands of the channel."

"I thought duels had gone out about the time that railroads came in," said Anna.

"So did I."

"Didn't you speak to Alick? Didn't you try to prevent the challenge?"

"Of course I did, but with what hope of success? I might as well have preached to the winds as to Alexander; and as to Prince Ernest, after the first words had passed, it would have been quite hopeless as well as very presumptuous to have tried to expostulate with him. I did not even attempt it. He had been outraged, grossly outraged, and was in a towering passion that even overtopped Alexander's fury. And if Alick had not challenged the prince, the prince would have challenged him."

"But the duel must be stopped!"

"Of course, if possible."

"What can be done?"

"Our only hope is in the police. It was in this view of the case, and not in any prospect of a successful interview with Alick, that I jumped into a cab and tried to follow him and find out his address; but he had a minute's start of me, and so of course I lost him. I drove to Mivart's; but he does not stop there, I was told. I went on speculation to several places where I hoped to hear of him; but without success. Lastly, I did what I should have done at first—went to Scotland Yard and lodged information of the projected breach of the peace with the police. Then I came home. So you see, my dear, it was my anxious night race through the London streets that gave me the haggard look of a ruined gamester."

"It was nice of you, Dick, to take so much trouble to save that good for nothing fellow. Shall you tell Drusa?"

"Of course not. You would not advise me to do so?"

"No; for it would be useless as well as painful for her to know anything about it."

"You will tell grandpa?"

"Yes; as soon as he is up and has had his breakfast, I must consult with him as to what further can be done. Now, Anna, dear, you had better try to get a little sleep before breakfast; as for me, I shall go and take a bath and get a cup of coffee, and be off to Scotland Yard again, and be back time enough to meet my uncle when he appears."

So saying, Dick rang for his valet and disappeared.

But sleep was driven far from Anna for that day. She, too, found her best restorative in a bath, a change of dress, and a cup of strong coffee. Having drank this last, she went down into the drawing-room to wait for the other members of the family.

But even there she could not be at rest, the news of this intended duel had excited her so much; and not that she cared for her cousin Alexander, either, but that she cared for Drusilla; and she was anxious for the return of Dick, to know whether the detective policemen had succeeded in tracing Alexander in time to stop his murderous and suicidal purpose. She walked from window to door, and from door to window, unable to sit still; she took up a book, and laid it down; tried her embroidery frame, and cast it aside, unable to read or work; she opened her piano, but could not play. So she maundered about until the family circle began to gather.

The first that appeared was little Lenny, in the arms of his nurse. He looked fresh, bright and gay from his morning walk, and was full of chatter about a monkey and an organ grinder.

Next came Drusilla, looking rather pale, but very pretty in her plainly banded dark hair and her cool white morning dress. She greeted Anna, and then sat down and called her child to her knee, and began to ask him about his morning walks. And Lenny, having found his most interested hearer, chattered away faster than ever.

The third comer was General Lyon, looking quite refreshed after several hours of undisturbed repose.

"Good-morning, my dears. I hope I have not kept you waiting," he said, as he saluted the two ladies.

"Oh, no, sir; we are almost just assembled," said Drusilla.

"Then, my dear Anna, ring and order breakfast at once. But where is Dick? At the nearest mews, giving his opinion of the proprietor's latest purchase, I dare say."

"Oh, no, sir. He is not there; but he did not feel like sleeping, so he took a bath and dressed and went out to take a walk. He told me he would be back in time for breakfast," said Anna.

"And you would have thought Anna was some young girl waiting a visit from her betrothed, to have seen her go from one window to another, and gaze out up and down the street," said Drusilla.

"Anna, you do look a little nervous and excited; what is the matter?" anxiously inquired the general, for he, too, feared that the 'unlucky dog' might again have broken bounds and given her trouble. "What is it, Anna?"

"It is loss of rest, grandpa. I could not sleep, so I did not even lie down. These late hours are a terrible tax on a country-bred woman like myself," replied Anna, evasively.

"To every body, Anna. I must really put my veto upon parties for *every night*. For once a week now I would consent to them—— But here is Dick at last!—Why the deuce don't that fellow serve breakfast! Did you ring, Anna?"

"Yes, sir; and I hear the jingling of cups on a tray, and so I suppose he is coming," said Anna, answering her grandpa, but looking anxiously at her husband as he entered the room.

Dick saw that troubled gaze, and smiled to reassure her. Then, after greeting the general and Drusilla, he turned to Anna and said, metaphorically, but in a way that she understood:

"I think I can get that horse I went after, Anna."

"There! I knew he had been to a stable, and Anna said he hadn't," laughed the general.

"I did not know that he had gone to one, grandpa."

"Of course you did not, my child, or you wouldn't have spoken so. But you see, I knew him better even than you did. And now let us have breakfast."

As soon as the morning meal was over, Drusilla took little Lenny and retired to her own room. This was not her custom in the forenoon; but on this occasion she acted with a purpose. She had not failed to see that both Anna and Dick were seriously disturbed, and that they wished to be alone with the head of the family; but she had not in her thoughts connected their disturbance in any manner with her own husband. On the contrary, she too unjustly suspected poor Dick of having in some manner fallen from grace—of having, perhaps, been tempted to a gambling table and lost more money than he could just then conveniently pay, and of being forced to apply to the general. So hard, you see, it is for a young man who has once lost the confidence of his friends, to recover it, even from those who love him best. So never suspecting that Alexander was on the verge of crime and death, but sighing over the supposed danger of poor Dick, Drusilla sat down with little Lenny in her own chamber.

As soon as the party in the breakfast parlor was left alone, General Lyon rang for the waiter to take away the breakfast service, and when that was done, he turned to his young people and said, somewhat sternly, for he still suspected Dick:

"Now, then, what is it? Speak out. Let us hear the worst, and hear it at once, for Heaven's sake."

"You should have heard it at once, but we could not say anything about it before Drusilla," said Dick.

"I suppose not. But she is gone now, so why do you hesitate? What is the matter?"

"Sir, it is this: Alexander Lyon has challenged Prince Ernest of Hohenlinden."

"Good Lord! is the man mad?" exclaimed the general.

"Of course he is. Every man is mad who challenges another to mortal combat."

"Great Heaven! what is to be done? How did you know this, Dick?" demanded the general, starting up and beginning to walk the floor with rapid strides, as was his custom when greatly excited. "How do you know this, Dick, I ask?"

Mr. Hammond related the discovery he had made on the morning after the ball.

"But, good Heaven! this purpose cannot be carried out in a Christian and civilized country. I do not think that at this day of the world any two Englishmen would ever think of such a barbarism as fighting a duel, and you may depend that no two foreigners are going to be allowed to do it. Duel indeed! Chivalry is dead, and law reigns in its stead. Dick, you and I must go before some magistrate and give the information. We must go at once. I'll put on my boots; you call a cab," said the general, excitedly.

"Sir, I went immediately and laid the information before the Chief of Police at Scotland Yard. He promised to take prompt steps to arrest the challenger and prevent the hostile meeting. An hour ago I went again to the office, and learned that two detectives had been sent in pursuit of the parties. They had not yet returned to report at the office."

"And that is all you know?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we must go all the same. I cannot rest quietly here while my dead brother's son is in peril, even if he is a fool and a madman!—Jake!" he called to his passing servant, "bring my boots to my room, and then run and call a cab. And, my dear Anna," he said, turning to his granddaughter, "put a guard upon your face as well as upon your lips, in Drusilla's presence. She must not know what has occurred."

"I fear she already suspects something wrong," answered Anna.

"Oh, she probably thinks as you did, Anna—that I have got into a scrape. I saw how pitifully she regarded me as she left the room. She thinks I have fallen among thieves again. Well, let her continue to think so; better that than she should suspect the truth," suggested Dick.

"Indeed she shall not harbor a doubt of you, Dick, darling, even to save her from the pain of knowing the truth. But never fear; trust to me to spare her feelings without compromising your character."

In a very few minutes the general came in booted and gloved for his drive. Dick was quite ready and the cab was announced to be waiting. And so with a few last words of warning and encouragement to Anna, they left her to go upon their anxious errand.

When they arrived at the office of the chief they received information that the two detectives who had been sent in pursuit of the would-be duellists had returned and reported.

And this was the substance of their report:

That Prince Ernest of Hohenlinden, with two gentlemen of his *suite*—being his physician in ordinary and his second; and that Lord Killcrichtoun, with two attendants, his second and his servant, had left London by the eight o'clock train for Southampton.

"And what the mischief have they done that for?" inquired General Lyon, in perplexity.

"Their intention seems clear enough, I think. They mean to cross over to some one of the Channel Islands, where they think they may blow each other's brains out comfortably without interruption," answered the chief.

"And now what the deuce is to be done? They left at eight, you say? It is twelve now, and there is a train just starting, if I remember rightly; and it is too late to pursue them by this train; and there will not be another start until three o'clock, I think? At least such is my impression of the hours of the trains to Southampton, from looking over the time-table with young Spencer yesterday, before he went down to meet a friend who had come by the American steamer," said the general.

"Yes, you are quite right about the trains; and right also about the uselessness of attempting to pursue these madmen by rail. But I have telegraphed the police there to be on the lookout for them."

"And we can do nothing in the meantime?"

"Nothing but wait patiently."

"Can we wait here?" inquired the general.

"Certainly, if you can make yourselves comfortable, though it is not a pleasant place to ask you to sit down in."

"Thank you. We shall gladly avail ourselves of your kind permission. You see we are so very anxious on this subject, that we should like to be at hand when you receive an answer to your telegram. How long do you think it will be before you get it?"

"Can't say. If they received mine before the eight o'clock train from London reaches Southhampton, they might have met the parties at the station and could have answered me immediately. If, however, the train reached there first, of course the parties might have got out and got off, and the officers would in that case have some trouble to look them up."

"So then you may get a telegram any moment now, or you may have to wait several hours," said Dick.

"Exactly," replied the chief.

"Then, uncle," said Dick, perceiving that their presence in the office really annoyed or, at least, incommoded the civil officer, "I think we will adjourn to the White-Swan, which is only a few steps from this, and wait there until Mr. Harding receives his telegram, when perhaps he will be kind enough to send us word of the news."

"Yes, certainly, if you prefer that arrangement, though you are quite welcome to remain here, if you can make yourselves comfortable where there are so many coming and going."

"I thank you, but we will go to the White-Swan," said the general, rising.

But just then the clicking of the telegraph-wire in the adjoining office was heard, and the chief raised his hands, saying:

"Be kind enough to stop. That may be the answer we expect now."

The general and Dick sat down and waited. A few minutes passed, and then a man entered from the telegraph-office, and handed the chief a folded paper.

"Yes; here it is!" said Mr. Harding, opening and reading:

"*The parties reached here at ten o'clock and took the steamer for Guerusey at a quarter after. We wait orders.*"

"There you see, sir, it is as I feared! They got off before my telegram could have reached Southampton — before, in point of fact, it had been dispatched from London. And it is as I suspected—they are going to one of the Channel Islands to kill each other at their leisure," said the chief.

"And now what the deuce is to be done? Can't they still be followed and stopped?"

"I fear not until they have accomplished their purpose. There is no other boat leaves for Guernsey until to-morrow."

"No other packet? But, good Heavens, can we not hire a yacht and go in pursuit of them? We can run down to Southampton by the next train, and, in so large a port as that, we could be sure of being able to charter a vessel for the trip."

"I fear, sir, I should not be justified in taking the responsibility of incurring so great an expense," said the chief, slowly.

"Oh, never mind the expense, man—I will take that upon myself! I would not grudge a thousand pounds to save my mad nephew from this meditated crime and folly. I will make you quite safe in regard to the expense, only I should wish you to send a sufficient police-force with me to stop the duel by force if it cannot be done by persuasion. Come! it is only half-past twelve o'clock now, and the train for Southampton don't start until three. You have two hours and a half to make up your mind and make all the necessary arrangements. Come, what do you say?"

"Oh, of course the thing can be done, sir, if you choose to incur the heavy expense of hiring the vessel. You can take two of our men with you, and procure two more at Southampton."

"All right! Now we must go back to our hotel to prepare for our journey. There is the address. Now how soon will you send the men up to us?"

"In an hour, sir, or at least in good time for you to reach the train; or they can join you at the station."

"I would rather they would come up within an hour at farthest to our hotel, for then I should feel surer of them; and if they do not report at the time specified, of course I should still have time to send around to you to know the reason. Whereas, if I should wait for them until we get to the station, and then miss them there, we should have to go down to Southampton without them. Send them to our hotel, if possible, and as soon as may be, if you please, Mr. Harding."

"I will do so, General," answered the chief.

And the general and Mr. Hammond left the police-office and returned to the Morley-House.

Here a difficulty met them—how to account to Drusilla for their sudden journey without alarming her. Neither the general nor Dick had ingenuity enough to invent a means of satisfying her mind without telling her an untruth.

"We must leave it to Anna's wit," said Dick, as they entered the house. And the general assented.

On entering the drawing-room, they found no one there, except Master Lenny, attended by his nurse.

"Where are the ladies?" inquired the general.

"They are both in their rooms fast asleep, sir," answered Pina.

"Then go and wake up Mrs. Hammond, and ask her to come to us quickly here. And don't, upon any account, disturb Mrs. Lyon," said the general.

Pina left the room, with little Lenny lagging after her.

"It is very fortunate the two ladies are asleep, for now we can get Anna here, and talk to her alone; tell her all that we have learned, and warn her how to deal with Drusilla," said the general.

Pina soon returned, with Mrs. Hammond, who in her great anxiety to hear the news came into the drawing-room just as she had risen from her bed, with her white dressing-gown wrapped around her, and her fair hair flowing over her shoulders.

"And now?—And now?—What?" she eagerly, breathlessly demanded.

"Pina, my good girl, take little Lenny down to the walk," said the general. And when the nurse had taken the child from the room, he turned to Anna, and said:

"We know all that can be known now, my love."

"Good heavens! they have not met, with any fatal result?" she gasped.

"No, don't be alarmed! They have not met! but they have gone off to one of the Channel Islands, to carry out their intentions. And Dick and myself are going to follow them, with a police sufficient to stop the duel by force, if we cannot do it by persuasion."

"When do you leave?"

"By the three o'clock train. It is one now, and we should leave the house a little after two; we have not much more than an hour to prepare; so, my dear, I wish you would just order us up a lunch, and then go and see to having a change of under-clothing and a few pocket-handkerchiefs put up for Dick and myself."

"Yes;—but now—Drusilla? She is asleep. Of course, you would not wish her disturbed?" said Anna, pausing at the door.

"By no means! For every reason, let her sleep until we are off. We must go without bidding her good-bye. And we must trust to you, Anna, to make our apologies to her, and also to explain our absence, without telling the cause of our journey."

"A most difficult task, my dear grandpa; but I will undertake it," said Anna, as she left the room.

The general and his nephew also went to their chambers to put themselves in what Dick called travelling rig. When they returned to the drawing-room they found their lunch on the table, and their two portmanteaus on the floor, and Anna presiding over these preparations.

"Half-past one o'clock! We have scarcely an hour now to get our lunch and reach the train in time. Sit down at once, Dick," said the general, placing himself at the table.

Dick and Anna followed his example.

"Where is little Lenny? I would like him to take lunch with us this last time before we go. Where is he, Anna, my dear?" inquired the general.

"Dear grandpa, don't you know you sent him out to walk with Pina?"

"Oh! yes! so I did! That was to get rid of the girl while I talked with you," said the general, in a low tone, then raising his voice, he called to Jacob, who stood waiting at some little distance, and said:

"Here, you Jake! Go out upon the sidewalk, or around the square, and see if you can find Master Lenny and his nurse; and if you can, then tell Pina to bring him home immediately, I wish to see him before I leave."

"Yes, sir, I'll find them. I saw them on the corner watching of a Punch and Judy, not half an hour ago," said the boy, bowing and leaving the room.

"I *do* want to see the little fellow, and kiss him good-bye before we go," said the general, apologetically, as he poured for himself a glass of sherry.

"La, grandpa, you talk as if you were going to the antipodes," laughed Mrs. Hammond.

"I dare say I talk like an old fool, Anna, but I am very foolishly fond of that little fellow."

"Oh, grandpa, I did not mean to say anything of the kind, and I beg your pardon."

"Tut, tut, I know you didn't. Come, Dick, have you got through?"

"Very nearly. There is time enough, sir."

"I wouldn't miss the train for a thousand pounds. And, bless my soul, those men from Scotland Yard have not reported yet. I do hope they will be punctual," said the general, impatiently.

At that moment the waiter appeared, and announced two persons below inquiring for General Lyon or Mr. Hammond.

"Our men at last," said Dick, "tell them to wait for us in the hall."

The waiter went out to take the message.

And the general and Dick completed their last preparations.

"And that child hasn't come yet!" exclaimed the general, very impatiently

"Time enough, uncle—the cab hasn't come yet," said Dick.

But at that instant the waiter once more appeared and announced the cab.

"Let us go," said Dick.

"Not yet; we can wait five minutes for little Lenny. Waiter, will you oblige me by going out upon the sidewalk and looking for my servants, and if you find them tell them to come in immediately with Master Leonard. I want to see him before I leave town."

"Certainly, sir," said the man, hurrying from the room.

And General Lyon sat down to wait impatiently, while Dick and Anna stood withdrawn into the bay window, making their adieux.

"Indeed, dear Anna," said Dick, "I would rather you should let Drusilla think it is some scrape of mine that has carried us off from London than that you should permit her to suspect the truth. It will not matter to let her deceive herself for a few hours or days, until the suspense and danger shall be over."

"I will do the best I can; but, oh, Dick! do you think that you can possibly be in time? in time to prevent a fatal meeting?" she anxiously inquired.

"We must try to do so; we must do our utmost and trust the event to Providence."

"Dick," said the general, impatiently interrupting them, "our five minutes are up, and neither little Lenny, our servants, or the waiter has returned. Pray, Dick, oblige me by going out for a few minutes to see if they are coming. I hate to trouble you, my boy, but I must kiss little Lenny before we go."

"Oh, I will look for him with pleasure, sir. I dare say he and his whole suite of attendants are gathered around some organ grinder, monkey, or dancing dog, and can't tear themselves away from the attraction," laughed Dick, as he hurriedly left the room.

Again the general sat down to wait, but being very restless and impatient, again started up and walked the floor with rapid strides for three or four minutes.

"Another five minutes gone!" he presently exclaimed—"another five minutes gone, and none of them returned yet; and now I have not a second more of time left. I will go down and look after them myself."

And so saying, he picked up his hat and rushed down stairs and out of the street door.

He met Dick, the waiter and Jacob, hurrying towards the house.

"Well! well! Where is little Lenny?" he quickly demanded.

"We can not find him or his nurse anywhere," said the waiter.

"I saw them with the Punch and Judy half an hour ago. I reckon as they followed of 'em to some distant street," said Jacob.

"I do not think there is the slightest reason to be alarmed. Pina is quite capable of taking care of the child," remarked Dick.

"Oh, I am not in the least alarmed about little Lenny; I was only anxious to bid the little fellow good-bye before leaving town; but, if I can not do so, I must be content. Well, Dick, my boy, we must really now be off. We will run up and bid Anna good-bye and go," said the general.

But Anna saved them the trouble. She came down stairs, followed by a porter bringing the travellers' portmanteaus, which were placed in the cab. The policemen were in waiting.

General Lyon and Dick kissed and blessed Anna, and commended Drusilla and little Lenny to her care; and then entered their cab, followed by their attendants, and their whole party set out for the railway station.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

An Agreeable Contrast.

If we look into the female mind, we shall find virtues of a brighter hue, though not of the same colors of which we boast. We have greater depth of investigation; they, greater acuteness of perception. Our strength of mind is compensated by their liveliness. If we have more courage to brave danger, they have far more fortitude to meet distress. Our eloquence has more force; theirs has more persuasion. Their virtues are feminine, but as substantial and as useful as ours. You never hear women rail against the married state as unmarried men frequently do. Gentleness and forbearance are so sweetly tempered and mingled in their constitutions, that they bear the hardships of their lot, however peculiarly severe it may be, without levelling a satire against such as are, by the generality of their sex, regarded as more fortunate.

BOTH TO BLAME.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"We all have our trials," said Mrs. Tressler, behind her laced pocket-handkerchief.

Now when a woman makes that particular assertion, in that particular tone of voice, it becomes altogether and utterly transposed. It does not mean "We all have our trials," it means, "Nobody ever had, or ever will have, such trials as I am called upon to endure." So at least Mrs. Dyer understood it, for she exclaimed eagerly:

"Do tell me what you mean, dear! Is Tressler unkind to you?"

"O, he's kind enough, as far as that goes," sighed the pretty mouth behind the laced pocket-handkerchief. "Yes—he's uniformly kind."

"He doesn't—gamble?" Mrs. Dyer dropped her voice mysteriously on the last word.

"No; I don't think he has a single bad habit; not one."

"Well then, what is the trouble?"

"Nothing, only—I am miserable.'

"But *why* are you miserable?"

Mrs. Tressler would not tell why she was miserable, however; she only took refuge behind the general statement that "life was full of trials and she couldn't, of course, expect to be exempted from her share."

"But, Sarah, what do you mean?"

"Nothing."

And in vain Mrs. Dyer coaxed and argued and reasoned;—when finally she rose to take leave, Mrs. Tressler cried and kissed her and protested, more vehemently than ever, that "nothing" was the matter.

"Come and see me soon again, dear," sobbed Mrs. Tressler, "for I am—so—unhappy!"

"I'm glad I'm a woman," said Mrs. Dyer, as she went away. "For, otherwise, I might get pretty thoroughly out of patience with the sex.'

So Mrs. Tressler went back to the bright room where the piano was holding out its ivory fingers to welcome her, and the merry sunbeams laughed a golden, voiceless peal upon the crimson roses of the carpet, and the paroquet swung on his perch like a tropic burst of scarlet flame, and sat down in the gloomiest corner she could find, to cry.

Some people are born to trouble—some have their troubles thrust upon them—and some people make their troubles for themselves. And to this latter class belonged Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Tressler.

"It's three o'clock," said Mrs. Tressler, the next day, looking at the enamelled toy she called a watch, "and Alonzo is not home yet! He is never punctual now-a-days. Home and wife have alike lost their power to please. Oh, dear, if I had only stayed at home with mamma. An unloved wife has nothing further to live for; I only wish I was dead and out of Alonzo's way!"

While at this very identical moment Mr. Tressler was inserting his night-key in the latch of the door.

"She never comes running to meet me now," mused Alonzo, knitting his Jove-like brows, (Jove-like, we suppose, means square and massive, and rather sulky!) "Well, well, I know I'm an old fogy, twelve years older than she is, and I ought to have known better than to marry a little blue-eyed blossom like her. Hallo! young Jones' card on the hall table! What's he prowling here for, two or three times a week? He's young and I'm not—that's the long and short of the matter, and I ought not to blame Sarah—poor little Sarah!"

So, by way of not blaming Sarah, Mr. Tressler stamped savagely into the room with his Jove-like brows very much contracted and his nose high in air, without noticing his wife's presence in any way.

"Good afternoon," said Mrs. Tressler, stiffly. She had risen with the intention of running into his arms and sobbing out her griefs upon his breast, but she saw that this was no fitting time for wifely confidences.

"Oh!" said Mr. Tressler. "Good afternoon."

"I supposed you did not see me," said Sarah, with cutting irony.

"Yes," said Alonzo, "I saw you. Will dinner *never* be ready?"

"I am not cook," said Mrs. Tressler, biting her lip very hard.

"Oh!" said Mr. Tressler, scowling, and a silence ensued. "Has any one been here to call this morning?" he asked, at length.

"Several persons."

Tressler set his teeth. "She won't mention young Jones, of course."

Sarah looked very pretty as she sat in the window with her bright hair touched with golden gleams of sunshine, and her blue eyes humid with the tears she would sooner have died than let fall, and Tressler remembered with a pang how very good looking Clarence Jones was, while he— Pshaw—a stout, burly, red-faced man, more like the comic pictures in the weekly papers than anything else—what had *he* to boast of?

"I'll bring this matter to a focus, or I'll know the reason why!" he said to himself.

So, after striding up and down the room twice or thrice, he stopped abruptly before the little figure in purple muslin.

"Mrs. Tressler, I am going out of town this evening."

Sarah started and the color rose, a scarlet tide, to her cheek. But she repressed all sound, or external show of emotion, and sat, moveless as a statue, with her eyes fixed abstractedly on the pink little tips of her fingers.

"Yes?"

"And I do not exactly know how long I shall be gone—perhaps a month, perhaps longer."

Still Sarah made no response.

"If you'll pack my shirts, ma'am, you'll do me a great favor," said Mr. Tressler, with scathing excess of politeness.

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Tressler, sweeping gracefully out of the room.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Mr. Tressler, smiting his forehead with clenched hand, "she don't care two straws. She's relieved rather than otherwise. Perhaps—what is this?"

He stooped to pick up a slip of rose-colored paper that lay on the carpet near where Sarah had been sitting. On its surface were pencilled two lines—

"DEAREST:—I'll come to-night.—J."

If Othello was a fat man, middle-aged, and rather rubicund, Mr. Tressler must have looked very like Othello in this moment of mad jealousy and unreasoning rage.

"I see it all," foamed Mr. Tressler. "As sure as my name is Alonzo Tressler, I'll be made a fool of no longer!"

"Dinner's ready, sir, if you please!" said the waitress, curtseying at the door. "And missis says she's busy packing your things and won't come down."

"Let her stay up stairs, then!" muttered Alonzo between his set teeth. "No wonder she shrinks from meeting my gaze, even though she is all unaware that I possess this incontrovertible proof of her falsity. 'J.' indeed! 'J.!'"

"Sir," said the waitress, turning as her master hissed out the obnoxious initial, under his breath.

"Nothing, girl—depart!" cried Mr. Tressler, tragically.

And Betsy went down stairs to confide to cook "that master seemed clear out of his head like, and she wouldn't wonder if he had a spell o' brain-fever yet! Her Uncle Simon was took just so!"

Meanwhile Sarah was crying over the shirts and pocket-handkerchiefs, and sobbing as she paired the neatly-mended stockings together.

Presently, up came Betsy. Mrs. Tressler thrust her head down into a bureau-drawer, lest the girl should see the traces of recent tears.

"Master's compliments, ma'am—and is his valise ready? He aint got but five minutes!"

"It will be ready in less time than that, tell him, Betsy."

"He will come up to tell me good-bye," thought the wretched little wife, as she put in the dressing-case and the last collars, and drew the straps of the valise. "Here he comes now—and I will kiss him and beg him not to leave me so, if he has ever loved me!"

She rose with beating heart and carmine cheeks, as a step echoed on the stair-case. But, alas, it was only Betsy!

"Master wants the valise, ma'am."

Mrs. Tressler pointed to where it lay, and Betsy carried it off down stairs. When she was gone, the wife stole to the hall and peeped quietly over the balustrade.

"He will come—I know he will come!"

But Alonzo tipped his hat sulkily over his brows, took the valise, and walked straight out of the house without ever an upward glance. Sarah ran to the window and watched his figure receding in the summer twilight, until she could no longer distinguish its portly outlines.

And then she burst into a hysterical passion of tears.

"Oh, if I were only dead and at rest! How could I be wicked enough to let Alonzo leave me without a single word of farewell?"

She sprang up and rang the bell with an energy that brought Betsy panting up from the subterranean depths of the kitchen.

"Betsy, do you know in which direction your master intended travelling?"

"He was going to the —— Depot, ma'am."

"Then I'll follow him," murmured Sarah, flushed and eager. "Bring me my things, Betsy—don't lose a single moment!"

"It's the brain fever sure enough, and Missis suspects it and don't want to let him out of her sight," pondered sagacious Betsy, as she ran hither and thither, accomplishing the least possible amount of work consistent with the greatest possible confusion.

"Hadn't I better go with you, ma'am? maybe he won't be easy to manage?" suggested Betsy, as her mistress seated herself in the carriage she had summoned, according to the orders hurriedly given.

"Certainly not!" said Sarah, with a look that withered Betsy's budding hopes. "Drive to the —— Depot, coachman, as fast as possible!"

It still lacked eight minutes of the starting time of the train when Mrs. Tressler reached the depot. She hurried through the various waiting-rooms, and soon passed through the crowded cars, anxiously glancing into the face of every passenger, but without the longed for result.

"He has deceived me!" thought poor Sarah. "Oh, what have I done to deserve such treatment at my husband's hands? Perhaps he has deserted me, never to return!"

She sank down, pale and trembling, on one of the comfortless wooden benches in the waiting room.

"My dear Sarah, what is the matter?"

It was her brother, who had come in to ask some questions relative to the change of time on the —— road, and was astounded to find his sister there, in almost a fainting condition.

Sarah sobbed out her trials, and was surprised to see the matter-of-fact calmness with which Harold Drew listened.

"You're a goose, my dear!" said Harold. "Perhaps he has changed his mind—possibly he has gone back for something that he had forgotten!"

"No," said Sarah, in a husky voice, "I shall never see him again, Harold, and it's all my own fault!"

"Nonsense," said Drew, cheerily. "Let's go home, Sarah, and ten to one he'll be there, wondering what has become of you!"

Sarah shook her head, but allowed Harold to lead her back to the carriage, crying all the way home, greatly to the consternation of Harold, who, in common with other gentlemen, abhorred the sight of woman's tears.

And what was Mr. Tressler about all this time? Had the earth swallowed him up, or had he vanished like an exhalation into the air? We shall see.

At this precise moment—fifty-eight minutes after six—Mr. Tressler was rattling over the pavements in a rheumatic old hack, roaring anathemas at the laggard coachman.

"Make haste, hackman!" shouted Alonzo. "If you don't land me at No. — —— st., by seven o'clock, I won't pay you a cent!"

"All right, sir," responded the man.

And it *was* seven by the chiming city bells, to an instant, when Tressler sprang out on the pavement opposite his own house.

"*Now* I'll find out what young Jones and Sarah are about," thought the jealous husband, as he rushed up-stairs into the drawing-room.

There was a lady sitting alone in the recess of the window, but it was not Sarah, it was Mrs. Dyer.

"Where's my wife?" breathlessly demanded Mr. Tressler.

"Just what I was going to ask you," exclaimed Mrs. Dyer, eagerly. "Betsy says she drove away in a carriage fifteen minutes ago. I had an appointment with her at seven this evening."

"*What!*" ejaculated Mr. Tressler, drawing out the rose-tinted note, "*you* are not the J. who—who——"

"I am the J. whose initial is signed to that note," said Mrs. Dyer. "Julia, you know—Julia Dyer."

Mr. Tressler stood aghast.

"Do you know, Mrs. Dyer," he said, in a loud voice, "I—I thought it was young Jones."

Mrs. Dyer burst out laughing.

"What, Mr. Tressler—*you* jealous! and of Sarah, too, who don't know the meaning of the word *flirt!*"

"I'm a fool," acknowledged Tressler, with charming candor. "But, Mrs. Dyer, do advise a fellow,—what am I to do? Where has she gone, my poor little Sarah? Do you think she will come back? Shall I——?"

Alarmed as Mrs. Dyer seriously was, she could not help smiling at the comical trepidation—the unreasoning bewilderment of the bereaved husband; and while she was considering what advice to give, a second carriage rolled swiftly up to the door.

"Here she comes now——"

"With young Jones?" gasped Alonzo, who had caught sight of a masculine escort beside his wife's fluttering lilac scarf.

"No—with Harold Drew."

How Mr. Tressler got down stairs he never could have told; but in the next breath he was face to face with pale, frightened, tearful Sarah.

"Sarah! my dear little wife!" he exclaimed, folding her in his arms.

"Oh, Alonzo, I am so glad!"

And Harold slipped past them, and went whistling up-stairs to ask Mrs. Dyer the meaning of this curious matrimonial complication.

"But where have you been, Sarah?"

"I went to the depôt to find you," murmured Mrs. Tressler. "Oh, Alonzo, it broke my heart to think I had let you go without a word of farewell."

"Did you think I could leave you so?" whispered the husband, smoothing Sarah's golden hair. "My own little frightened bird, how pale you are!"

"I have been *so* silly," said Sarah, half crying, half laughing.

"No, my dear," said Alonzo. "*I* was a fool, besides being a brute and a blockhead."

"It was all my fault," faltered Sarah.

"No, it was mine," stoutly protested Alonzo.

And then they both went up stairs to join Harold and Mrs. Dyer.

With that eventful day Mrs. Tressler's trials terminated. Thereafter both husband and wife spoke and acted out the tenderness that was in their hearts, and allowed no ice of form and coldness to form over the warm current of every-day life and love.

"It is so easy to be happy if one only chooses to try," said Sarah. "Why have we never discovered the secret before, Alonzo?"

"I think we were both a little to blame, my dear," said Alonzo.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mr. Matson decided to go to New Orleans by sea, and a few hours after Mrs. Lyme's departure, Nina found herself comfortably established on a magnificent steamer bound for that port.

The Florida steamed out of the beautiful bay, girt by its flourishing cities and hamlets, and gained the wide ocean. By sunset they were out of sight of land, and for the first time in her life, Nina was afloat upon the briny deep, of which she had thought and dreamed so often.

She did not suffer from sea-sickness, and as the weather was brilliantly clear, and the air not too piercing, she remained on deck the greater part ot the day Mr. Matson talked with her of his sons and daughters, of whom he had six, all pearls of price in the fond father's estimation.

Day after day the same theme was renewed, and one afternoon he said to her:

"Two of my boys are married, Miss Nina, and the third one is too young for you, or I believe that I should try to interfere with Mr. Hastings' arrangement by finding you a home of your own before you have been long in our beautiful land. I have taken a great fancy to you, my dear, for you remind me of a lady I know and admire very much."

Nina laughed, and with a little pique at his last words, flattering as the first had been, replied:

"It seems always my fortune to remind new friends of some one they have known. I would much rather be valued on my own account, I assure you."

"So you are, for you are charming enough, and have sufficient individuality to ensure a peculiar place in the regards of those so fortunate as to know you. Besides, it is a compliment for me to tell you that you resemble Mrs. Marsden, for I think her a very lovely and superior woman."

The name arrested Nina, and she asked:

"Where does this lady live?"

"In Norfolk; and if we run in there, as New Orleans steamers often do, I will take you to her house and introduce you. I think you will be much pleased with her."

Nina was now listening with vivid interest. She eagerly said:

"It is strange, but I have been told of the resemblance between Mrs. Marsden and myself before. I have heard an old friend of hers speak of her frequently. She and Mrs. Hawks were brought up together, and the latter retained a strong feeling of affection for her early friend as long as she lived."

"So you knew Eunice Horton in her last days, as I knew her in her prime. I heard of her death while I was in New York, and I was told that she made a singular will, leaving the whole of her large fortune to a young girl she had picked up somewhere as a companion; but in a sudden fit of passion she revoked the bequest in a codicil, and gave her money to charities. Do you know if this is true?"

Nina flushed deeply, but she carelessly replied:

"I believe it is. I knew Mrs. Hawks but a short time, and she seemed to me a person of very capricious temper. How long is it since you met with her?"

"Oh, ages ago, when she was a young lady, though never a very attractive one. Hawks married her for her money, I suppose; for, after the old man disinherited his younger daughter, she must have been a great match. It surprizes me that Mr. Horton should have carried his resentment against Mrs. Lopez beyond the grave, for it seems that he left her child unprovided for, and Mrs. Hawks did little to remedy the injustice of which he was guilty."

The conversation was taking a turn that was by no means pleasing to Nina, and she suddenly said:

"What a lovely sunset. Sea and sky seem to blend in one mass of golden glory, and the air is perceptibly warmer as we approach the gulf stream. It is worth braving the storms of old ocean to see the sun sink away in his arms in such a blaze of lustre as that."

"It is indeed beautiful; but there is a coppery tinge about that pavilion of clouds that heralds a storm, I fear. It will blow hard before morning."

"Then I shall be able to prove what a good sailor I am. I have always desired to witness a storm at sea."

The man at the wheel overheard her, and he said, with a slight laugh:

"You will have to be shut up in the cabin, Miss, for it will be sure to blow great guns before midnight. I know the signs, and we seldom pass the capes at this season without some ugly weather."

Almost as he spoke the wind came in light gusts, ruffling the surface of the water, and in ten minutes more it had increased to such an extent that Mr. Matson insisted on taking Nina down to the cabin. But this she resisted, and she remained on deck till darkness closed in, and nothing was visible but the phosphorescent gleam of the waves as they were lashed into fury by the increasing gale.

When the stars were blotted from the sky by the gathering clouds, Nina consented to go below and join the other lady passengers, who were found huddled together in a frightened group, believing the steamer in imminent danger of shipwreck.

Mr. Matson made efforts to re-assure them, but with indifferent success, for the storm continued to increase in violence, and by midnight they seemed to be tossing at the mercy of the winds and waves.

Prayers and cries for mercy were heard on every side; but through all the confusion Nina retained her calmness. She felt the conviction that her life was not to be cut short in this sudden manner, for she had something yet to do in the world; though it had been better for her and for those she was about to seek if the halls of ocean had received her in their depths that stormy night.

The good ship bravely weathered the gale, and the following day she ran into Hampton Roads and steamed on to Norfolk to have a few necessary repairs made.

Late in the evening Nina issued from her state-room, refreshed by the sleep she had enjoyed after the danger was past, and she found that the steamer had been anchored at the wharf several hours. Supper was served, and Mr. Matson came down to it, looking bright and animated. He said to her:

"I have been on shore looking for Marsden, who is a distant cousin of mine; but he is not in town. I have sent a note to his wife, letting her know that I am coming to call on her this evening, accompanied by a young friend of mine. You will go, of course."

"I have heard so much about this lady that I should be no woman if I were not desirous of seeing her. I will accompany you with the greatest pleasure," replied Nina, gaily. "Since Mrs. Marsden will not be allowed time to call on me, I must take the initiative myself, and, introduced by you, I shall feel that I am quite welcome."

"You are a sensible girl, Miss Nina, and one after my own heart. As soon as supper is over, then, we will be off. I have already engaged a carriage to be at the landing in half an hour."

"What a charming escort you are, Mr. Matson, in spite of your grey hairs, and grandchildren. I believe I would set my cap at you in place of your son, if Mrs. Matson would only be so obliging as to take her place among the angels."

"And a fine dance such a will-o'-the-wisp as you are would lead a staid, elderly fellow like myself. No, thank you, Miss Nina; I admire you as I do some beautiful roses set around with thorns which would cruelly prick my hands if I attempted to gather them."

"So I am actually refused by the first gentleman to whom I have ever ventured to propose," cried Nina, laughing gaily, and she ran off to prepare for her visit.

"What a charming creature she is," thought the sober merchant. "I wonder how long that jealous wife of Hastings will tolerate her presence beneath her roof? Not long, I fancy; but then such a girl as that, will soon find some lucky follow to give her a home of her own."

Thus musing, he was unconscious of Nina's approach, till she spoke beside him:

"I am quite ready now, Mr. Matson, and most impatient to see my double, for the resemblance between Mrs. Marsden and myself almost amounts to that, I suppose."

"No it does not, and you may not see it at all. Your voice—your playful ways, and something in the cast of your features reminds me of Anna when I first knew her, but there the likeness ends. Her hair and eyes are dark, and yours are light, but you will soon judge for yourself. There comes the carriage, and in twenty minutes we shall be at her door."

Mr. Matson assisted her to the wharf, and placed her in the vehicle which, in a few moments was rapidly driven through Main street to Granby, and across the stone arch that spans the stream which intersects a portion of the town. After making several turns the carriage drew up in front of a handsome dwelling, with a row of Lombardy poplar trees in front.

A small green yard enclosed by iron pailings, was divided in the centre by a flight of stone steps that led to the door, on which was a lion's head of brass highly polished.

Mr. Matson dismissed the carriage with orders to the driver to return in two hours, mounted the steps with Nina, and struck a loud peal on the old fashioned knocker.

This was responded to by a black servant, who ushered them into a lighted parlor in which a fire of cannel coal was blazing brightly. The room was untenanted, but they had scarcely sat down when the door opening into an adjoining apartment was unclosed, and a slender, graceful looking woman, evidently in delicate health, entered.

Her dress was very plain, but of rich material, and a small lace cap covered the hair which Nina noted was beginning to be streaked with gray.

She cordially extended her hand to Mr. Matson, and said:

"You are welcome, as you always are, Cousin Ned, but I am sorry that Mr. Marsden is not here to see you. It seems an age since we met. I was young then, and now—well, you can see for yourself what changes time has made in me. This is your young friend, I suppose. I am very glad that you brought her with you."

Nina was actually startled by the first sound of her voice, for its tones seemed an echo of her own. She arose as Mr. Matson replied:

"Thank you for your welcome, Cousin Nina. Permit me to present to you Miss Nina Gordon. I have——"

What he might have said further was cut short by a sudden gasping tremor which seized on Mrs. Marsden, and Mr. Matson hastened to support her, and place her on a sofa. She turned her face away from him, and remained several moments apparently in a half conscious state; but at length, with a deep inspiration, she raised herself, placed her hand upon her heart, and with a feeble attempt to smile, said:

"I suffer from extreme oppression in my breast, and sudden fits of faintness seize me when I am least expecting them. My health is not good, as you may perceive from the change in my appearance. Pray excuse me, Miss Gordon, and make yourself as much at home as any friend of my cousin should in my house. Take off your bonnet, and draw near the fire."

Nina silently complied with both these requests, while Mrs. Marsden volubly went on to question Mr. Matson about his family, and the accident to the ship which had brought them to Norfolk. Nina critically surveyed her, and she scarcely felt complimented at being thought to resemble her. Mrs. Marsden looked worn and faded, and it was not difficult to see that her life was not a happy or contented one, though she appeared to be surrounded by all the externals of affluence.

The room in which they sat was expensively furnished, but with the severe simplicity of an ascetic taste. There were no pictures on the walls; no ornaments on the mantle; no elegant trifles designed to wile away the time of visitors, were found upon the tables, and Nina remembered that Mrs. Hawks had said her early friend had married a man of very strict religious notions. So *he* ruled the wife he had taken from obscurity, she thought, and his taste dictated the furnishing of her house, and the adornment of her person, for the young visitor noted that not a jewel gleamed amid the rich attire of Mrs. Marsden, save a small gold pin that fastened her collar, in the centre of which a tiny brilliant sparkled.

She did not even wear a wedding ring, and Nina smiled half contemptuously, at the state of vassalage into which her hostess had fallen, and wondered if any man breathing could reduce her to a similar condition. She thought not, and I quite agree with her. She was not made of yielding materials, and he who attempted to put a curb on her, would surely come to grief in the experiment.

Mrs. Marsden at length turned to Nina, though it was evidently with an effort; she seemed to feel that longer neglect of the stranger within her gates would be remarked by Mr. Matson, and after giving a strange, wavering glance at her face, she said:

"You have had a narrow escape from shipwreck, Miss Gordon. The storm last night was a terrible one even on land, and I could not sleep for thinking of those who had 'gone down to the sea in ships.' But you look well, and bright, in spite of all you have gone through."

"I was not much frightened, madam. I knew the vessel that bore me upon my way would not founder."

"You must have great faith," murmured the lady.

Nina laughed:

"Yes—I have great faith in my destiny; that is all, for I do not pretend to be a saint."

Some powerful emotion seemed to shake the frail frame of Mrs. Marsden, as she listened to these words; she became very pale, and again pressed her hand upon her heart. Her eyes seemed to be fascinated to the face of Nina, and she looked into the light, defiant orbs raised to hers with a pitiful questioning glance that would have been painful to a more sensitive person.

But Nina read nothing of its meaning, and waited for her hostess to break the silence that had fallen upon them.

In low, measured tones, Mrs. Marsden at length asked:

"Does that destiny promise to be so brilliant, that even the storms of ocean shrank from quenching its brightness? Tell me, Miss Gordon, for you interest me."

With some bitterness Nina replied:

"I have youth, hope and strong will, Mrs. Marsden. They are all my dower, and I am now on my way to Mississippi to become a governess in the family of a wealthy man. You will scarcely consider that a very brilliant commencement in life, but the wheel of fortune may yet chance to bring me to the highest round of worldly prosperity. I intend to do my best to gain it, at all events."

A faint flush came to the listener's cheek, and with some effort she asked:

"Were you educated with such a prospect as that held out to you as the result of your studies?"

Nina flushed in her turn, and rather haughtily replied:

"No, madam. Until I had completed my education, I was led to believe from the money lavished on me that I was an heiress. *Then* I was notified that I must earn my own bread; I have been doing it for many months past, and I am quite satisfied with the prospect opening before me now."

"And that prospect? What is it? To whom are you going?"

Mr. Matson saw that Nina was annoyed by these queries, and he hastened to interpose, wondering that his cousin's wife should manifest so much interest in the affairs of so utter a stranger as Nina must be to her. He said:

"I am taking Miss Gordon South to become the companion and instructress of William Hastings' daughter. You knew something of him in days o' lang syne, I believe, and——"

His words were again cut short by another attack of faintness overpowering his hostess, and this time she lay so long white and limp that he began to think of summoning assistance. But Mrs. Marsden held his hand grasped tightly in her own, and when she regained the power of speech she faintly said:

"Do not alarm my children by calling any one. I am subject to these attacks and always come out of them without any help. I am not strong, and it takes very little to overcome me."

"You are changed indeed since I last saw you. What on earth has brought you to such a pass as this, Anna?"

A weary smile flitted over her wan lips, and she replied:

"The will of God, I suppose. For several years my health has been failing, and medical skill has not benefitted me. The first blow was the death of my children—four of them were snatched from me in a single week by a contagious fever, and only the youngest survive. How I lived through that fearful trial I scarcely yet understand."

"Yes—I heard of that great affliction," said Mr. Matson, sympathetically; "but I felt that if any one could bear it with Christian fortitude, you and your good husband would."

"Mr. Marsden bore it as he does everything, in stern and silent endurance. But to me—to *me* it came as a judgment! I know it—I know it!"

The fervent passion with which the last words were uttered, startled Mr. Matson, and he hastened to say:

"Don't talk so, Anna. You have always been a good woman, a model wife and mother; then why should you believe that a judgment has been sent on you? People lose their children every day without fancying such a thing."

"Oh, you don't know—you don't know!"

Suddenly recovering self-possession, Mrs. Marsden raised herself and wearily said:

"Excuse me, Miss Gordon, for referring to such mournful themes in the presence of one who can be expected to take but little interest in the affairs of a passing acquaintance. I will order in some refreshments, and with them will come the two darlings I have left to me. I should like you to see them, and Cousin Ned must be able to carry home a description of them."

"By all means," said Mr. Matson. "I was just going to ask for the children."

Mrs. Marsden arose and left the room, and when the door closed on her Matson turned to Nina and went on:

"You will hardly believe that my cousin's wife was once a beautiful and captivating woman. But she is a perfect wreck now; her heart was wrapped up in her two eldest children, twin daughters of rare loveliness and promise. You see what their loss has brought her to, for I think she grieved over the boys far less than over them. Poor Anna! I scarcely think that my stern, ascetic kinsman was the right husband for her, though he has been very kind to her in his hard way. I forgot to tell her that you knew her old friend, Eunice Horton, and I am almost afraid to refer to those times lest they may bring on another attack of faintness. There was something painful connected with the last days of her residence in Mr. Horton's family, for she has always been shy of talking of them."

Nina drily replied:

"I think it will be best to say nothing on the subject. I will also say to you that I do not wish to discuss Mrs. Hawks, for my acquaintance with her was the most painful episode in my short life."

She did not explain further, and the entrance of Mrs. Marsden leading a child on each side, put an end to the communion between them.

A girl of four and a boy six years of age came shily forward to be petted and caressed by the strangers. A servant followed, bearing a silver waiter on which were wine, fruit, cake and sweetmeats.

Little Anna sat demurely on the lap of Mr. Matson, while Walter nestled to his mother's side, and the party gathered around the table on which the refreshments were placed.

Mrs. Marsden spoke of her absent husband, became more animated and self-possessed, and Nina descerned something of the charm of manner to which Mr. Matson had alluded when describing her. She felt alternately attracted and repelled by her new acquaintance, she could not have explained why, and she felt tempted to refer to Mr. Hastings again, for she thought she possessed the clue to Mrs. Marsden's emotions when his name was mentioned. But when she looked upon the worn and suffering face on the shadowy form before her, an unwonted feeling of compassion filled Nina's heart, and she forbore.

After being duly praised, and as much wine and cake given to them as their mother would allow, the children were kissed and sent to bed, and the conversation flowed on agreeably until the hour of ten. Then the visitors arose to leave; and after her bonnet and shawl were on, Mrs. Marsden approached Nina, and, with her sweetest smile, said:

"I have rarely seen a young person who interested me so deeply on so short an acquaintance as you do, Miss Gordon. Will you allow me to kiss you? and will you promise me that if you should ever need a friend, you will remember that I shall be glad to be of use to you?"

"Oh, thank you a thousand times!" exclaimed Nina, with animation. "I promise to call on you, madam, if I should meet with tribulation in place of success in the career before me. But I will anticipate nothing but the last."

She held up her rosy lips to be kissed by the pale woman, who clasped her hand nervously in both her own.

The carriage was in waiting, and at last the adieus were ended, and the visitors safely seated in it. In half an hour Nina was again in her state-room, and before she awoke on the following morning the ship was on the sea again, plowing her way toward the Florida coast.

They made their way safely around the peninsula, touched at Havana, where they remained long enough to afford Nina a pleasant glimpse of tropical life, and then steamed as rapidly as possible toward New Orleans.

Everything she saw was new and delightful to the young traveller; she was even interested in the flat and sedgy banks of the lower Mississippi; and when the green and cultivated low lands of Louisiana began to loom upon her, she was charmed with the contrast they afforded to the dreary scene through which she had gained the paradise of bloom and flowers so striking to a northern eye at that season of the year.

The steamer approached New Orleans on the morning of a brilliant day, and the passengers gathered on deck to watch the busy, ever-changing crowd upon the levee, engaged in that Babel of commercial activity which reigns without intermission from November till June in the Crescent City.

The river was unusually high for the season of the year, and the steamer floated almost on a level with the high embankment which protects the city from inundation—thus affording to the strangers on board the singular spectacle of streets and houses standing on a level below them, which inclines slightly but perceptibly toward the low lands in the rear of the town.

The motley crowd gathered from nearly every nation under the sun—the confusion of tongues mingled with the rattling of carriages and drays—formed a scene as unique as it was confusing to Nina; and she was glad to leave the bustle of the levee, and take possession of a pleasant room at the St. Charles.

Nina remained long enough in New Orleans to visit every object of interest in and around the city, and then embarked again on a fine Southern packet for Natchez. The beautiful, garden-like country lying between the two places filled her with delight and astonishment at the evidences of industry and prosperity that met her sight on every side.

We will leave her on her way to the scene of her future exploits, and return to Fenton, who had preceded her to Mississippi by but a few weeks.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Godfrey Fenton drew near his home in a most wretched and uncertain state of mind. The farther he was borne from Inez, the more earnest grew the longing to return to her; the deeper grew the dread that he would find it impossible to do so.

When the steamer came in sight of the high bluff on which Natchez is built, he felt as if it loomed before him as the barrier to every hope in life. On that soil he should find the solution of his destiny, and he shrank from the necessity which brought him there a petitioner to his haughty mother for what he felt almost assured would never be granted.

The nearer he drew to her, the more resistless did her power over him seem; and, when the steamer rounded to before the small cluster of business houses known as Natchez under the hill, Fenton felt as if he was already beneath the sway of that imperious will which had moulded him to what he was.

The day was beautifully clear, but the cloudless sky, with its transparent depths of ether—the soft air had no charm for his restless heart. He felt the want of exercise, and, leaving his baggage to be sent up to the hotel, he ascended on foot the wooden walk built on one side for the accommodation of pedestrians.

Crossing the wide space on a level with the town, Fenton drew near Main street in a listless and weary way, far different from his usual light and elastic manner of bearing himself. Approaching him at full speed was an elegant open carriage, drawn by a pair of bays that were the pride of their owner; and within sat two ladies wearing Paris bonnets and cashmere shawls.

The elder of these was a graceful but faded-looking brunette, though she wore a slight tinge of rouge upon her cheeks. There was an air of languid affectation about her that might have been attractive to the opposite sex in her youth, but now it seemed insipid and unsuited to her years or the dignity of her position as the mother of the tall, well-grown, young lady at her side.

The face of the girl was very fair, and almost colorless, until some thought or emotion sent the blood in a flickering glow to her pearly cheeks, which flushed, and faded alternately in a most unusual and charming manner.

The clear oval of her face was framed by long curls of golden chestnut; her eyes were of that deep violet blue so rarely seen, and so exquisite in shading and expression; her mouth was perfect, and the sweet and ingenuous soul that breathed from this charming face was even more attractive than the statuesque beauty of her face and person.

Her shawl had fallen from one shoulder, revealing a form more perfectly developed than might have been expected from the extreme youthfulness of her face. Like most natives of a Southern clime, this daughter of the sun had matured rapidly, and at the age of sixteen was a woman in appearance, though still in heart a child.

Her eyes fell on Fenton, and she exclaimed:

"Mamma, there is Godfrey! Stop the horses, Tom, I must speak to Mr. Fenton."

Obedient to the command, the black driver checked the spirited steeds, and drew up to the curb-stone near which Fenton had paused on seeing a white handkerchief waved to him from an approaching carriage. The young girl leaned forward, and impulsively extended her hand to him, exclaiming:

"How do you do, Godfrey? Your mother will be so glad to see you again, for she has been pining for your presence more than I can tell you."

Fenton felt something like a galvanic shock as he heard her voice, and looked into her smiling, blushing face. He hastily said:

"Is it possible! Can two years have wrought such a change, and in place of the child I left in short dresses, do I find a young lady? or rather a young queen of beauty and fascination. I declare, Opal, I should scarcely have known you again had I met you anywhere else, for you have marvellously improved."

"Thank you—but you were always a terrible flatterer. Here is mamma with me."

She drew back to allow the elder lady to address him, and she languidly extended her hand as she said:

"I am very glad to see you at home again, Godfrey. Mr. Hastings will be delighted to welcome you back, for he has been very much put out by your long stay at the North. You know what an immense favorite you always were with him; in fact, nobody can fill your place."

Fenton shook hands with her, flushed slightly, and then said:

"I am much obliged to him, I am sure, Mrs. Hastings, for his goodness. I shall come over to Silvermere as soon as possible after seeing my mother, and I know that I shall make up for lost time now that I see what an attraction your house contains."

He glanced significantly at Opal, who was fixedly regarding him, and he was surprised and amused to see her rosy lips form themselves into a decided *mou* at this speech. That was one of her childish tricks which he thought she would have laid aside with her short frocks, and pantalettes, but there was something piquant in her thus renewing the old familiarity in the first moment of meeting.

The horses were impatiently pawing the earth, irritated at the restraint put upon them, and Mrs. Hastings said in her indolent way:

"We shall look for you at Silvermere at the earliest possible moment, Godfrey. Your mother has been quite ill, but she is about again, and she will be able to spare you. If you will excuse us from parting in so abrupt a manner from so old a friend, I will order the driver to go on. I am a little afraid of those horses for they are a new purchase of ours."

"And a splendid turnout they are," replied Fenton, drawing back, and touching his hat. "Thanks for your invitation, Mrs. Hastings; I shall be sure to make my appearance in your house as soon as my lady mother will permit me to leave her side. *Au revoir.*"

The carriage dashed on its way, and Fenton stood looking after it a few moments in a state of pleasant bewilderment. Opal Hastings, in the freshness of her young beauty, had dazzled him for the moment, and he thought:

"It would not be a bad thing after all, to claim such a sweet creature as that as my own, with a dower a princess might envy. If my mother proves inexorable, I suppose that I must submit to my fate with the best grace possible. But, good Heavens! of what baseness am I dreaming? Inez—Inez, you alone are to me the embodiment of all that is charming and adorable in woman. This fair child can only attract me for a moment, but you hold me bound to you by bonds stronger than any she can ever forge."

He hurried forward till he reached the principal hotel, where he was greeted by many familiar voices with such welcome as he was glad to meet in the haunts of his boyhood and youth.

A tall, fair young man, who had been one of his classmates at college, said to him:

"I am delighted to see you back at last, Godfrey. You must dine with me here, and I will drive you out home in my cab. Your mother's place lies in my way, you know, and we can have a good talk on the road."

"Thank you, Wallis. I will accept both invitations, though I think it likely I shall find some one from the plantation here, as my mother is expecting me."

"I saw Mr. Markland's carriage-driver in town this morning, and I think it likely he is about now. He can look after your luggage, and save you any further trouble about it. Ah, here he comes now."

An elderly negro made his way through the throng of young men that had gathered around the new-comer, and with beaming face greeted his young master.

"Thank the Lord that you's come at last, Marse Godfrey. Missis has been lookin' for you ever so long, an' frettin' bekase you was so long comin'."

Fenton shook hands with him, spoke a few cordial words to the sable retainer of his family, and then informed him of the arrangement he had just made. The man replied:

"I've brung in de fine hoss dat Mistus has bought for you, Marse Godfrey, but dat don't make no difference. Little Mose is wid me, an' he can ride him out agin, I reckon."

"Very well; arrange it the best way you can."

And the negro took his directions about his luggage and moved away.

The dinner bell was ringing, and the two young men went in together to the table. Wine and cigars followed the repast, and the sun was declining in the West when they took their places in the stylish looking cabriolet of Wallis, with his fast brother.

A negro lad in livery perched himself behind, and they drove through the town, taking several turns before they gained the Woodville road, which winds through the beautiful undulating country that lies on Second creek.

That region is considered the garden spot of Mississippi. Beautiful homes lay secluded among forest trees, occasionally affording glimpses of white walls and long piazzas through the dense foliage. The road in many places was bordered by hedges of the Chickasaw rose, so luxuriant in growth as to cover many yards of ground. The magnolia grandiflora raised its stately shafts amid the other trees as proudly as the king of the forest should, and the deep green of its polished leaves contrasted with the gorgeous autumn foliage, which, in that sunny clime, had not yet fallen.

After exhausting other topics of interest, Wallis said, with a gay laugh:

"I saw you speaking to Mrs. Hastings and her daughter. Isn't Opal a divine creature? I only wish I was in your place, old fellow, for we are given to understand that making love to her is tabooed. You are to be the lucky man, report says, though if I chose to tell tales on you about that fascinating music teacher in New Haven I might make mischief, eh?"

Fenton was annoyed at this speech, and he flushed slightly as he replied:

"I could easily put that all straight. Miss Gordon was nothing to me beyond a pretty and piquant girl, with whom it was pleasant to flirt. Opal has improved wonderfully; she has developed into a most charming young lady; but I should be sorry to have her debarred from the privilege of having other admirers on account of such pretensions as I may have. There has long been a family understanding that we are to marry each other, but neither she nor I have yet ratified it. In all probability it will come to nothing."

Wallis turned his attention from his spirited steed a moment to survey the face of the speaker.

"By Jove!" he cried, "that is the coolest speech I have heard for some time, considering that the young lady in question is a beauty and an heiress. What will *la belle mère* say to such indifference on your part? She'll be sure to 'smell a mice,' for she has already heard something of that little flirtation of yours, to which you seem now to attach no importance."

"There is no seeming about it. Nina Gordon is no more to me than any other woman, and it is to her you refer, I presume."

"Well—yes—for I thought you were in earnest there. You are a regular heart-breaker, Fenton, for I have known you to make more than one romantic young lady believe that you only lived in her smiles. It will be lucky for the sex when you really become a Benedict; for if Opal really takes after her mother, she will not let *you* be sunning yourself in the eyes of other beauties when you are her lawful property. Mrs. Hastings is as jealous as a Turk, and as imperious, too, I fancy."

"A pleasant prospect to look forward to, truly," replied Fenton, with a constrained laugh. "But if I should marry Mrs. Hastings' daughter, of which there is little probability at present, she must forget the lessons learned from her mother's example, for I do not intend to be ruled by my wife. I would drown or shoot myself sooner than submit to be badgered as Mr. Hastings is. But as his wife had all the money, I suppose he can't help himself."

"No—that is where the shoe pinches. But he's a fine old fellow in spite of his submission to the moneyed power. I don't know a more hospitable or agreeable host than your future papa-in-law; for of course you'll fall in love with Opal as every body does, and end by making your mother's heart glad by accepting the bride so long intended for you."

"We will talk no more on that subject, if you please, Wallis. Miss Hastings is yet a school girl, and until she is eighteen there will be no question of marriage. I did not come hither to make love to Opal, I assure you, but only to visit my mother who wrote me that she was ill."

"Yes; Mrs. Markland has been much indisposed, but she has recovered. I saw her out a few days ago, and she was looking about as usual. Here we are at the turn off to Magnolia. I will drive down to the gate and leave you there, as I will not intrude on the first meeting between yourself and your mother."

"Don't take that trouble, my dear fellow. Put me down here; I prefer walking to the house. Come over to-morrow, and remember that I shall always be glad to see you."

"Of course I shall come over, for that pretty sister of yours is budding into a most fascinating little gipsy. She will almost rival the fair Opal one of these days."

"I shall not allow you to turn Dora's head with flatteries; mind that, Wallis, for she is scarcely fourteen yet."

"As if a pretty girl with a magnificent dower isn't bound to have her head turned? But I promise to be discreet."

He drew up at the entrance to a long avenue hemmed in by high hedges, on each side of which lay fields still white with cotton bolls.

Bidding Wallis adieu, Fenton strode forward, at first rapidly, but he soon slackened his pace, and moved leisurely toward a belt of woodland, in the centre of which his home stood. Passing beneath the shadows of the magnolia-trees, from which the place derived its name, he came to a carefully-trimmed hedge of wild-peach, which inclosed a yard laid off in angles, crescents, and hearts, set out with every variety of flowering plant that would flourish beneath that genial sky.

Many late roses and chrysanthemums were still in bloom, and every portion of the parterre was in the neatest order. No dead leaves were permitted to litter the winding walks, and the birds made their nests undisturbed amid the taller shrubs.

The dwelling was a long, old-fashioned plantation-house, with a piazza extending its whole length, the roof of which was supported on heavy Doric columns. A flight of wooden steps, painted to imitate stone, led up to it, on each side of which stood a brick column sustaining a stone vase—in one of which an orange-tree, and in the other an oleander, was growing.

As Fenton approached the house, a magnificent Newfoundland-dog, as black as jet, sprang from some concealed lair with a deep-mouthed bark, which was speedily turned into a joyful whine of recognition as he frisked and curvetted around the young man, making efforts to place his paws upon his shoulders.

This Fenton would not permit, and his cry of "Down, Carlo, down!" brought two young girls upon the gallery—one a dark-eyed, slender creature, who had already attained her full height, though but fourteen years of age; and the other two years younger, with the blonde complexion of her half-brother—for these were Dora and Jenny Markland, the daughters of his mother's second marriage.

They both sprang impulsively to meet him, the elder one crying out:

"Mamma—mamma, here is Godfrey come at last."

The next moment Dora was in his arms, kissing and clinging to him on one side, while Jenny did the same thing on the other.

He laughingly cried:

"Don't strangle me at once, pets. Leave me some breath with which to greet my mother."

"Oh yes—mamma has been so anxious about you," said Dora, removing her arm from his neck, and clinging to his hand. "Come in at once, Godfrey; she is in her room, and did not hear me call, or she would have been on the gallery by this time. Dear brother, I am so glad to have you back home again, and it is so long since you went away."

He smiled down on them both most lovingly, as he replied:

"It is worth while to go away for a time, to meet such a welcome as this when I return. You have both grown wonderfully; you, Dora, are almost a woman now, and my pretty Jenny is a head taller than when I saw her last."

"Mamma says I shall be as tall, and grand-looking for a woman as you are for a man, brother," said the little one, raising herself on tiptoe, for it was the great ambition of her life to grow to be as tall a woman as the mother who was her *beau ideal* of elegance and grace.

"Yes, you will soon outstrip Dora here; but she can console herself by remembering that the most precious things are put up in small parcels."

"Thank you, brother; I am glad that somebody appreciates my slight figure and gipsy-looking face. I am my father's child, and mamma naturally thinks the two who resemble herself more attractive than I am."

"I don't know about that, pet; but you remember what *ma chère mère* says to Franzisha, that 'each one has her own little charm.' You are permitted to read Miss Bremer's books, I suppose?"

"Yes—and I have read the Neighbors. I shall remember your quotation, brother, and make the most of such little charm as may be found in me."

By this time they had crossed the wide gallery, and entered a spacious hall furnished with sofas and chairs, and hung with pictures handsomely framed. At the farthest end, a door opened on a portico, beyond which lay a spacious lawn, shaded by lofty trees; through a long vista that opened in the distance, glimpses of the white cottages of the negro quarters were obtained.

Everything about the place was in the most accurate order, and Fenton smiled as he thought that his mother was a martinet in more ways than one.

A door on the side of the hall suddenly opened, and a lady looked out of it on the chattering trio. The next moment Fenton had released himself from his sisters, and clasped his mother in his arms.

Mrs. Markland received the embrace with the dignified composure that was her distinguishing characteristic, for she considered it low-bred and in bad taste to exhibit such emotion as she really felt.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

INFLUENCE OF HABIT.—At one of the magnificent shows with which Pompey entertained the Romans for five days in succession, the populace enjoyed the death of gladiators and wild beasts; five hundred lions were killed; but on the last day, when twenty elephants were put to death, the people, unused to the sight, and moved by the unaccustomed shrieks of these animals, were seized with sudden compassion, and execrated Pompey himself for being the author of so much cruelty.

EIGHTEEN'S CONFESSION.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Sweet, darling woman, so divine,
That I have always made my shrine—

O'er which the angels wreathed their flowers
Culled from high Heaven's starry bowers—

On moveless land or shifting sea,
I've always worshipped only thee:

Because thou wert on earthly sod
The crowning garland given by God.

Still adoration fills my mind
And heart for all the wealth enshrined.

Her eyes so deep, so bright, so blue,
With all their tender meaning true;

Her form so fine, like rainbows curled
In mercy on a clouded world;

Her hair so rich in its fine gold,
We dream of angel plumes unrolled;

Her voice so sweet in all its tones,
Harps long to wed the gentle tones.

O, here I am to all this shape
Of splendor so supremely wed:
Would that its virtue, beauty, love,
Forevermore were on me shed!

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XIX.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

IN IRONS.

We crossed the equator in longitude 27° West, and as we shortly afterwards struck the South-east Trades, the most we could do was to brace up and sail as near to our course as we could, which could not be very near, seeing that the wind persistently blew from the point towards which we wished to move. On the previous voyage our captain had stood across so as to strike some homeward-bound Indiamen, which, the reader will remember, took us within sight of St. Helena; but we went far wide of that island on this voyage, crossing the Tropic of Capricorn only a little to the Eastward of Trinidad. We reached Cape Town on the fifteenth of August, where we let go our anchors, intending to stop just long enough to overhaul some of our rigging, and get a little fresh provision. There were several British men-of-war lying in the bay—one frigate, two corvettes, a brig, and one or two smaller craft. They seemed to form either a part, or the whole, of a squadron, stationed on the coast. But the idea of harm from those fellows never entered our minds. France and England were at war,—in fact, the whole of Europe was mixed up in the scrimmage,—but we had nothing to do with it. English men-of-war had overhauled our merchant ships for deserters; but Captain Matthews did not believe that there would be any disposition to molest us, especially as we had goods for an English port. So we dropped our anchors, furled our sails, squared our yards, and then lowered our boat for going on shore, where our officers found things apparently pleasant enough.

Capt. Matthews met several of the English naval officers on shore, and they were as friendly and as kind as though he had belonged to their own mess. And they were feeling in high spirits, too; for, according to their account, they were getting the better of the French at every point. In Spain and Portugal Wellesley was driving Soult and Masséna, and throughout the whole peninsula Napoleon's power was breaking up; so the British officers felt good, and insisted upon paying for the wine our captain drank. And I have no doubt they were sincere in their friendship for him. They liked him, and he liked them, and between them they had some very pleasant meetings.

We intended to sail from Cape Town on the 20th. On the 19th I got permission to go on shore, and Fiddy Cummings went with me. We went off in our ship's boat, but were to take a shore boat to return in. We spent the afternoon in cruising around the outskirts of the town, and in the evening we concluded to remain and attend the play, which was to take place at the the same hall where I had seen the jugglers on my previous visit. The play this time was by a company of English actors, and was capital. Fiddy and I both enjoyed it hugely, having no disposition to leave until the curtain went down for the last time. It was then very near midnight, so we hurried out and made our way down towards the landing; and as we went over the very ground where I had been chased on that eventful night by Jonathan Drake, I told Fiddy the story. I had told him the principal features of the story before; but I could now describe to him some of the scenes more vividly, and I was engaged in doing so, when a sound, as of hurrying feet, caused us to turn our heads. I had just time to observe that a number of stout men were close upon us, and on the next instant a sack was thrown over my head, and I was hurled to the ground. I struggled with all my might, but I could neither do anything with my hands nor with my voice. My arms and my legs were ironed, and then I felt myself lifted and deposited upon some sort of framework, after which the whole was taken up and borne swiftly away. Once after this last movement had been made I offered to struggle, when a rough voice informed me that if I knew what was good for myself I'd keep quiet. Under the circumstances I considered it best to accept his advice, and I did so.

I must have been carried a mile, at least, and was just fearing that I should perish from suffocation if I was not soon relieved, when the frame upon which I lay was set down, the shackles taken from my ankles, after which I was raised to my feet and led into a building. I knew that I entered a hall, and that I was led through two rooms, and upon reaching the third, I was stopped and the sack drawn from my head.

I was in a small, dingy-looking apartment, and before me was a table upon which burned two candles. Upon my right hand stood three men who, from their garb, I at once knew to be English man-of-war's-men. Upon my left stood Fiddy Cummings, with more British sailors beyond, while before us, on the other side of the table, sat two officers. One of them was a middle-aged man, with a single epaulette upon his right shoulder, while the other was younger, and had a gold anchor upon the standing collar of his jacket.

"These be the men, leftenant," spoke the man who stood nearest to my right hand.

"So, so, my boys," said the officer with the epaulette,—"you thought to escape the king's service, did you?"

I looked at the man with astonishment; but presently it occurred to me that Fiddy and I had been mistaken for some other persons; and so I intimated to him. But he only laughed at me, and informed me that "that wouldn't go down."

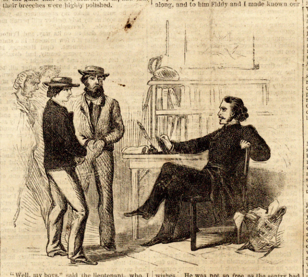
"But, sir," said I, "what do you mean? You have seen the American ship lying at anchor close by the fort. We belong on board that ship, sir."

"Ah, my fine fellows," laughed the officer, "that's an old story. Didn't you two men run away from His Majesty's sloop-o'-war *Bristol*, less 'n a year ago?"

We both declared that we were never on board an English man-of-war,—that we were citizens of the United States of America, and that we belonged on board the ship *Naumkeag*, at that moment lying in the harbor, and bound to Calcutta. And I asked the officer if he would take us on board the ship, and confront us with the captain, and, if he wished, examine her papers. But it was of no use. We were held to be deserters and sent off to a sloop of war.

As we shot out from among the shipping that lined the piers I could see the lofty spars of the old *Naumkeag*, and I wondered if I should ever tread her deck again. I could not believe that we should be taken away. Capt. Matthews would surely find some way in which to set us free. We were his men, and he could claim us. By every law and principle of right we should be given up to our true commander. We could prove to the captain of the British ship that we were not deserters. I would have spoken with Fiddy, but the officer sat between us, and I had no opportunity.

By and by we approached the sloop-of-war, and the sentinel at the gangway hailed us, to which our midshipman responded, "*Aye, aye.*" We pulled alongside, and the officer went up over the side, and then Fiddy and I were helped up; and seeing that we had irons on our wrists, we required considerable assistance; but we got over at length, and as we reached the ship's deck we found a lieutenant there, and by his side stood a man with a lantern. We could see a few other men standing around, and we could see the gleaming brass work upon the fife-rail, and upon the capstan; and we could see those of the guns that were nearest to us, and that their breeches were highly polished.



"Well, my boys," said the lieutenant, who, I afterwards learned, was the officer in charge of the deck at the time, "I'm glad to see you safe on board."

Then he turned and called for the sergeant of the guard. The sergeant came, wearing his sword, and touched his cap politely to his superior.

"Sergeant, take these two men forward to the brig, and see that they have a chance to sleep. There's no need of swinging hammocks for them to-night."

I knew very well that it would be useless to make any remarks, or offer any opposition at that time, and Fiddy thought as I did; so we turned and followed the sergeant, he going ahead, and the man who held the lantern following behind. We crossed over into the larboard gangway, and thence forward, where we found that the "*brig*" was simply a space between two of the guns under the top-gallant forecastle,[*] where a sentinel was stationed who walked to and fro with a drawn bayonet in his hand. There were three or four hammocks slung in this place, and I supposed that those who occupied them were prisoners—perhaps impressed like ourselves,—but I made no inquiries. I waited until a couple of mattresses had been brought for us, and blankets supplied, and then Fiddy and I laid ourselves down. We talked but little, for the marine who stood guard over us could overhear all we said. We simply acknowledged to each other that we had got into a bad fix, and agreed that we would make all possible effort on the morrow to have justice done us, and then we closed our eyes, and I was soon asleep.

The ship's bell was hung by the foremast, close to us, and as that was struck every half hour, and as the sentinels passed the cry of "*All's well!*" with each bell, I was disturbed several times. I should probably have got used to it, and have slept on in spite of the clang of the bell and the cry of the sentinels; but it had been well into the "small hours" when I laid me down, and just as I might have got used to the racket the day dawned, and a new sound broke upon my ears. It was the sharp, piercing call of the boatswain's pipe, and when he and his mates had blown to their hearts' content, I heard this cry—each word drawn out and dwelt upon as though all that stretching of sound were necessary to carry it to the two or three hundred ears for which it was meant:

"*A-l-l—h-a-n-d-s!*"

This was called by the boatswain, and then taken up by his loud-voiced mates; and then came another:

"*A-l-l—h-a-n-d-s—g-e-t—u-n-d-e-r—w-a-y!*"

"My God!" gasped Fiddy, starting to a sitting posture, "they're going to get under way!"

The sentinel heard my companion's remark, and he stopped and looked at us. He was a good-natured looking fellow, and I judged by the expression with which he regarded us that he knew our story. Of course he did, because sentinels are never placed on post without receiving instruction touching the things they have to guard. I looked at this marine a few moments, and then, as the men began to tumble up from below, I asked him if the ship was going to leave port.

His reply was in the affirmative, and he spoke so kindly that I was emboldened to question him further.

"Is the captain on board?" I asked.

"Yes; he came aboard at three-bells,[†] an' I fancy he'll stop aboard awhile now!"

The fellow was Irish, but his speech was very smooth and only slightly tinctured with brogue; and I made up my mind that I liked him.

"In mercy's name," I cried, "can't we see him? Do you know how we were brought on board this ship?"

"Yes," the sentry replied, with a smile, "I know very well."

Then I told him I wished he would send word to the captain that there were two prisoners in the brig who would like to speak with him. He said he'd keep a look out, and embrace the first opportunity.

At this point one of the lieutenants came towards the brig; and, when I saw that he was going to pass directly by us to the round-house, which was chock forward under the top-gallant forecastle, I made a move to hail him; but the sentinel stopped me.

"Take care—none o' that!" he cried.

And, after the lieutenant had passed and gone into the round-house, he explained to me that if a prisoner should address a commissioned officer, the sentry would be liable to punishment. So that hope was gone.

When the lieutenant came out I saw that it was the one who had had the deck when we were brought on board. He looked at us as he passed by, and I could readily see that he wished to avoid us.

By and by the corporal of the guard came along, and to him Fiddy and I made known our wishes. He was not so free as the sentry had been; but he was inclined to be fair, and promised us that he would speak with the officer of the deck, and get my request to the captain if he could.

Meantime there was great commotion on the ship's deck. The crew were all up—over two hundred of them,—and preparations were made for heaving up the anchors; and the preparations were entirely different from those made on board a merchant ship. Instead of taking a turn of the cable around the windlass, and thus heaving directly upon it, an immense hawser-laid rope, called a messenger, was carried around the deck—the two ends lashed together so as to make an endless rope of it—and to this, on one side of the deck, the chain cable of the anchor was made fast by bits of marline, or selvagees, called "nippers." The capstan was on the quarter-deck, and the messenger was passed around it with three turns. When the messenger had been passed, and its two ends lashed together, and the nippers clapped on, the capstan-bars were shipped, and half the crew manned them; then the drum and fife struck up a quick tune, and the capstan was marched around at a merry pace. As the messenger began to move of course the cable went with it; and as fast as the nippers were brought to the pipe through which the cable passed down into its locker they were cast off and passed forward, where they were clapped on again, and again, as the slack of the messenger was lightened around under the heel of the bowsprit from the other side of the deck.

One anchor had been hove up and the cable stoppered, and the messenger had been "dipped" for the other cable, when the corporal of the guard came to the brig and informed me that the captain could not be disturbed until we had got under way.

"But," I cried, "that will be too late!" And then I was going on to tell the corporal how my companion and myself were situated, when he stopped me.

"Look ye, shipmates," he said; "you may just as well make up your minds, first as last, that you've got to take a cruise in this ship. All the powers of heaven and earth can't set ye free now. It's o' no use, so just be easy; and I mean to do ye a good turn when I tell ye that the more reasonable like ye take it, the better it'll be for both of you."

The man spoke the truth, I had no doubt; and when he had gone Fiddy and I sat down by the open port just under the break of the forecastle, and looked out upon the water.

By and by the second anchor was apeak, and then men went aloft and loosened the sails. The work was done a little differently here from what we had done it on board the *Naumkeag*. Two hundred and fifty men were able to make sail faster than twenty men could do. By the time the last anchor had broke ground the topsails and topgallant-sails had been sheeted home, and the yards hoisted; the jib, fore-stay-sail, and spanker set, so that while the anchor was marching up to the bows the ship was on her course. Slowly we moved through the water at first; but gradually headway was gathered, and ere long we passed out from the angle of the fort near which we had been lying, and not far away we saw the old *Naumkeag*.

"Ha!" cried Fiddy, "look!"

I looked and saw our ship's cutter, pulling four oars, and in the stern-sheets were Captain Matthews and Mr. Sanborn. Captain Matthews stood up and waved his handkerchief towards the sloop-of-war, and his oarsmen pulled with all their might. He seemed to be shouting to some one upon the poop of the corvette, but whether he made them hear or no I cannot tell. Nobly those gallant fellows bent to their oars, but they bent in vain! The lofty sails of the sloop-of-war had caught a fresh breeze, and we could see that she was rolling up a grand bone of foam under her bows.

Farther and farther grew the distance—astern dropped the boat that contained the friends we loved. Farther and farther astern,—Captain Matthews was lost, then Charles Sanborn, then the men, one after another, and we saw the *Naumkeag's* cutter no more.

Fiddy was the first to break the silence.

"Becket, this is hard. Will we ever see old Salem again?"

I reached out my hands, ironed as they were, and took his in my grasp. And thus I spoke:

"Fiddy, we'd be fools were we to add needlessly to our sufferings. Let's do the duty they impose upon us cheerfully, and at the same time keep our eyes open for a chance to set ourselves free."

"Aye," returned my companion, with a moistened eye; and then he added, "We'll hang together to the last. Let the chance be what it will, one of us don't go without the other."

I agreed to that.

We had passed the light-house upon the western headland; the anchors had been catted and fished, and the cables paid below; the first lieutenant had given up the deck to a lieutenant under him, and the full watch had been set for sea, when the sergeant of the guard came and informed us that we were wanted at the mainmast.

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[*] Sloops-of-war very often have a deck built over the forecastle, on a level with the hammock-nettings, and extending from the bows to the foremast. As the bulwarks of a ship of war are high enough to entirely cover the men—say six feet, or more—of course this short deck is high enough to allow men to walk under it; and this upper piece of deck is called a top-gallant forecastle.

[†] As I may have frequent occasion to use this term in speaking of the hours of the day on board a man-o'-war, I will make an explanation for the benefit of those who may be in the dark on the subject. At sea, the twelve hours are divided into three equal parts or "watches" of four hours each.* (That division, extending from four to eight o'clock in the afternoon is subdivided into what are called the two "*dog-watches*"—that is, short watches of two hours each: and this is done in order that there may be a change to the men in their time of watching; for, were it not for this subdivision of that watch—were the watches just four hours each, the man who went on watch at midnight, the first day out, would keep that hour during the voyage.) Those four hours are further divided into eight equal parts or "bells" of half an hour each. At half-past twelve, is struck "*one bell;*" at one o'clock, it is "*two bells;*" and so on to four o'clock, which is "*eight bells.*" From four to eight o'clock is eight bells more—it being eight bells again at the latter hour: and then half-past eight is *one bell* again, and so on, every half hour, to twelve o'clock, which is once more "eight bells."

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Silas and Frank send us the following letter, which could not well have come from any but Yankee brains and hands. They say: "We are only two tired-out, foot-sore young men—Americans by birth, and, therefore, as 'tis said, citizens of a country where all are free and equal. All day long have we marched, not (as was the case with us both during the trying years of the rebellion) to the music of our regiment, but wearily over a long road, from a little country town in New Hampshire, in search of employment—anything, no matter what, that offers one chance to earn an honest dollar. This is for what we search in vain. We have just been politely (?) shown out from a gentleman's estate, where we applied, and the '*suspicious-looking young men*' will undoubtedly be the theme of much conversation in that happy family, so we judge, if the wondering stare of two beautiful children and their loving mother's warning, 'Patrick, bolt the gate; we don't want such people in the garden,' is not of such frequent occurrence as to be passed over on the instant. A gentleman of whom we inquired some days since, asked us, with a patronizing smile, 'Have you no friends of note?' 'No, sir,' we answered. Then buttoning his coat, although the thermometer stood some degrees above 80, he eyed us carefully and added, 'Well, of course you cannot expect to do much without influence, at least recommendation.' And we begin to think he is about right. One of us has a decided taste for study, but what is our prospect? Thomas Decker wrote, we think, a solution to this question:

> "Shall I contract myself to Wisdom's love?
> Then I lose riches, and a wise man poor
> Is like a sacred book that's never read—
> To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead."

Now what can we do? There may be many in our situation, and an answer through your paper may help them as well as us." The only thing for any man to do who has to work for a living, is to persevere until he finds a job, and then to do it with all his might. Such fine young men as our correspondents seem to be ought to be able to make their way in the world, and they doubtless will do so, unless they lack the essential element of perseverance.

Calico.—If your husband really has "a great object in the future which can't be accomplished unless all his family exercise the strictest economy for a few years," then "all his family" *should* "exercise economy" for the requisite period, and *you* should set the example and adhere to it. A wife who cannot find any happiness in exercising self-denial for the benefit of her family will never find any in the gratification of her selfishness. But a woman who can contentedly wear calico for a few years, for the purpose of enabling her husband to accomplish "a great object," will be apt to derive much happiness from silks and satins, and velvets and jewelry when *their* day at last arrives. Providence has so ordered things that the selfish, though seemingly happy in their gilded gratifications, forever feel the gnawings of discontent at their hearts; while the self-sacrificing, though apparently suffering from stress of circumstances, are inwardly blessed with that peace which passeth all understanding, especially the understanding of the vain and frivolous.

Anna Drusilla.—Here is a poor little child-wife, who was married at fifteen, and now has a babe but a few months old, and whose husband is cruel to her, often cursing and swearing at her, and even beating her with many stripes. She stands it all for her babe's sake; but she looks forward with horror to the time when that poor innocent shall be old enough to understand its father's blasphemies and be taught by him (as he says it shall) to take its Maker's name in vain. Her mother wants her to leave her husband and return to her paternal home, which she would do if she thought "the law" would let her take her babe with her, and on that point she wants enlightenment. We are glad to be able to say that the law is humane enough to give every ill-used wife, who is compelled to flee from her husband's ruffianism, the care and custody of her nursing babe; so, this poor, persecuted creature can return to the paternal nest and carry her little birdling with her.

B. B. says: "I have a question which I want to submit to your *readers*, and not to you until they have had a chance at it. *You* could, I suppose, answer it without any trouble; but it is my opinion that the most of your readers will be sadly puzzled by it, as I and my friends have. It is this: suppose a man's wife dies, and he marries again, would a brother of his first wife continue to be his brother-in-law? This may seem a simple thing at first thought; but it has puzzled some of our best lawyers and one of our judges out here in Ohio to determine the question, and they can't agree about it, after more than a month's discussion."

Five Englishmen.—These correspondents write: "In reading the story 'Winning Her Way,' there is a dispute among us—three of us arguing that Mrs. Southworth has resided in London, while the two others of our company are willing to wager that the lady in question has never seen London. Yet we all agree that her descriptions of the Derby, the Tower, and London in general, are in every particular correct. If you will be kind enough to settle our dispute, you will much oblige us." Mrs. Southworth has repeatedly visited Europe, and has spent months upon months in London and other parts of Great Britain.

Joker.—A joke is a very good thing when it is in perfect fitness with time, place and circumstances; but when a joke is ill-timed, or discordant as to circumstances, it is often a most unfortunate thing. Your theory that a man has a right to perpetrate a joke whenever he pleases, must be taken in connection with the fact that the perpetrator must always abide the consequences of his joking, however disastrous they may be. He who claims *immunity*, in any respect, should not whine under the chastisements of fortune, but should take them like a man.

Archie.—If there is any reason why you need special information in regard to the "programme of a wedding," consult the clergyman who is to officiate, *state the particular facts of the case*, and take his advice thereon. Any young engaged couple, through their respective friends and acquaintances, and some clergyman, could easily ascertain the bridal customs of the place where the wedding is to come off, and these customs should be followed.

Q. P.—The reason there was no Vice-President during the administration of President Fillmore was because he was himself the Vice-President until General Taylor (the President) died, to whose office he succeeded. And the reason there was no Vice-President during the administration of President Pierce was because Mr. King, of Alabama, who was elected to that office on the Pierce ticket, died a short time afterwards.

Subscriber.—The lawyer of your place who stated in open court that Alexander Dumas, the widely-known French novelist, "is a negro, as black as the ace of spades," did not certainly know the complexion of Mr. Dumas, however familiar he may be with the color of the ace of spades. Mr. Dumas is stated to be a quadroon, and he is reported to be rather proud of the fact, and to take pleasure in having it commented upon.

Franklin.—You might know that your computation of the cost of thirty-four apples, at one cent for the first, two cents for the second, and so on, doubling up to the thirty-fourth, is wrong because the last figure of the amount is a 3, whereas the doubling of any single figure never produces an *odd* number.

Y. A.—You should have referred to your geography before betting that the State of New York is larger in territorial extent than France. The latter is considerably the largest. It is a foolish thing for boys to get in the habit of betting about anything whatever.

A. G.—Probably a little work on "education," by Herbert Spencer, and a volume of "Essays," by the same author, would be as good reading as you could find, if you are in search of accurate notions on miscellaneous topics.

Divorce.—If a widow marries, and afterwards obtains a divorce from her husband, she takes the name which she bore as a widow, and not her maiden name.

Republic.—Your notions as to the "settling-down," &c., of the Mexicans "into a condition of stable peace and quietness favorable to the growth of republican institutions" are probably unsound. A chronic hatred of "permanent tranquility" seems to pervade the whole Spanish American race. For more than forty years, in fact ever since they achieved their independence, the people of South America have been harried and plundered by rival political and military chieftains, most of whom have been little better than wholesale bandits. The only South American State that has formed an exception to this rule has been Brazil. During all these years the other States in turn, and sometimes four or five of them simultaneously, have been the battle grounds of contending factions, organized and embittered against each other by selfish and brutal leaders without one spark of patriotism to qualify their ferocity. In Mexico a war of epauletted robbers has been in progress, with short intermissions, ever since we can remember. Usually there have been from three to half a dozen belligerents in the field there—all signing their turgid proclamations, "God and Liberty," and all the practical enemies of both. It is impossible for us to have any sympathy with such red-handed rievers, or anything but contempt for a race that allows itself to be their football. The less we have to do with our "sister republics" the better. Let the creoles of Spanish America (half Spanish, half Indian, with the vices of both races and the virtues of neither,) fight their own battles without any interference from us. They are too bigotted to benefit either by our counsel or our example.

Bored.—"Married people are a nuisance—in public," writes this rude correspondent, who is, of course, a bachelor; and he goes on to say: "They are always having their little secrets, and asides, and private conferences, and look out to get the best places for one another in public conveyances, and to get the choicest dainties for each other at the supper table at private parties, and are full of such like offences. Now when a lady is handsome, and brilliant in talk, and a fellow gets fairly under conversational way with her, it is intolerable to have a *husband* come along and take her off as if she were so much property—capital stock; and it is still more intolerable to have *her* all the time quoting 'My husband,' or remarking that 'Mr. A says so and so,' and that 'Mr. A doesn't think so and so;' or, worse still, to have her suddenly exclaim, 'There's Mr. A, excuse me,' and then jump up and run off to the odious A aforesaid. For one, I am always down on A, and on the whole tribe that he represents. Such fellows are the bane of my life. I *hate* them. But this hatred, of course, makes me unhappy; and so, as a mere matter of selfishness, I don't want to hate them. So I wish you would tell me how I can eradicate such animosity, and at the same time hit upon a plan of enjoying social life." You should get married. Your hatred of husbands might then be changed to sympathy, and your chances for social enjoyment be vastly enlarged.

Hermit.—O, you poor, infatuated young man! Do you really suppose that the glow and enchantment of youth are forever to surround her whom you now, with such juvenile rhetoric, designate as "the star of my life,—the beacon who is to light me along my pathway to the achievement of high and heroic deeds!" Such amorous enthusiasm does not hurt a young man who is in love for the first time—or even for the tenth time—if he only keeps it to himself and does not attempt to inflict it rhapsodically upon his friends—especially his *elderly* friends. The "course of true love" is an excellent thing for a young man to "do;" but he must not nauseate his neighbors with his work. We sympathize with *you*; but, at the same time, we are not destitute of sympathy for that tough old neighbor of yours, around the corner, who has exhibited such discourteous inappreciation of your efforts to lap your sweet-heart in elysium by playing on your accordeon, under her window, at the witching hour of midnight. The old fellow's practical theory of life undoubtedly embraces a sound night's sleep; and hence his attempt to adjourn your midnight musical performance by a few well-directed brickbats. You should respect your neighbors' rights, if you expect them to respect yours.

Faithful.—Here is a young man who says: "Some time ago I fell in love with a young lady, and proved true to my vows up to a short time since, when, alas! I became acquainted with one who *completely stole* my affections from the one whom I had so long loved. I still have a kind and tender feeling towards the *first-mentioned* one, and have said nothing to her about my change of affection; and I find that I *cannot* tell her about it—I have not the face to do it, after loving her so long. I would rather cut my right arm off than hurt her feelings in the least. This is no mere idle boast: *I mean it.* But I know that I can never love her again as I once did, because I now love another. Consequently, I know not what to do, for I want to act the gentleman in the matter, in every respect. What *shall* I do?" You should hold on quietly for a while, as the chance is that your present love may cool in a short time, and your old love (such as it was) revive. You are evidently a young man of impulsive, extravagant and untrustworthy emotions, and will never be everlastingly true to anything or anybody.

M. C. H.—In some communities the old-fashioned custom which requires all the gentlemen in a pew to step into the aisle whenever a lady wishes to enter the pew, still prevails; but the modern custom of ladies and gentlemen's taking seats in the pew in the order of their arrival is rapidly coming in vogue, and will no doubt eventually supersede the other altogether. It is stated, as a matter of history, that the old custom of putting all the women and children in the farther end of the pew, and keeping the men and larger boys near the door, arose in the old colonial days, when places of worship were often attacked by Indians, and it was necessary for the masculine members of the congregation capable of bearing arms to be ready to repel the assault at a moment's warning. Hence the able-bodied men took their seats next to the pew doors, and had their guns ready at hand, so as to be ready to grasp them as speedily as possible: and hence arose the custom to which we have alluded, and which is now beginning to pass away.

Nephew.—The threat of your uncle to "dig your eyes out," must have been made while he was in the heat of passion, or else for the mere purpose of frightening you, without any intention on his part of doing you harm. If you are to live with your uncle for a series of years, you must of course conform to his wishes, and be obedient and respectful to your aunt. No household can afford to have an unruly and disobedient boy in it. At the same time, should your uncle really treat you with inhumanity, while you were blameless of offence, you would be entitled to, and could and should seek redress at the hands of public justice.

A Restive Lover says: "I am nineteen years old. When I was only seventeen, I fell in love with a *very* pretty girl about sixteen. I addressed her, and she promised to wait till I was twenty-one. She has complied with her promise so far; but I *now* find that I don't love her as I thought I did. I am young and inexperienced, and wish to know how to break the engagement existing between us. Please advise me what to do." Tell the girl what you have told us, and she will probably let you off gladly. The chances are ten to one that she is as sick of the foolish engagement as you are.

Missourian.—If you are not ready for marriage, and your visits to the girl jeopardise her situation in her aunt's house and expose her to the loss of a good home, you should sacrifice your own wishes for a while, and be very discreet in your conduct towards the aunt. A young man who cannot exercise a fair degree of self-restraint will not be apt to make a very good husband, nor will he stand much of a chance for success in life.

Ham.—If you have no intention of ever marrying, you should not monopolize any young lady's time and attention; and if there *is* any one of the sex who seems to be getting attached to you, you should at once cease your visits to her. But the chances are that your imagination is imposed upon by your vanity.

**** Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

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